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"The Luncheon at the Guildhall" and "The Review of the Guards"
By Post, 1s. 6½d.



"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY"

THE ROYAL LUNCHEON IN THE GUILDHALL: THE SECOND TOAST

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

Topics of the Week

London's Coronation Greeting

"OUR Progress through the capital of Our Empire to receive the greetings of Our people on Our Coronation" as the King described it in his reply to the address of the London County Council last Saturday formed a fitting climax to the moving and memorable story of the solemn consecration of King Edward as the Sovereign of the British Empire. As a pageant it was splendid and stately, and the aspect of the streets and the geniality of the weather left little for the sightseer to desire. It was not only or even essentially on these accounts, however, that the Progress was so impressive, but rather on account of the personal element which so conspicuously dominated it. The "greetings of our people" were no mere ceremonial greetings. One felt that the occasion was something more than a great State formality. The dutiful homage of the King's lieges to their newly crowned Monarch was, indeed, vitalised by a touch of human emotion which gave to the ceremony an earnest character which such functions rarely possess. Apart from every consideration of constitutional doctrine, the King and Queen are the most popular personages in the realm. There is nothing of an official abstraction about them. A thousand ties of personal sympathy bind them to the hearts of their people, and although their political activities are necessarily obscured by constitutional forms, the nation has long recognised in their personal qualities a sufficient guarantee of their Kingly fitness. Loyalty to the Throne is indeed in this country something more than a political principle. In the case of King Edward, who, in this respect, is following in the footsteps of his august mother, it is a principle which has found a solid basis in experience of the Sovereign's character, and one that is securely buttressed by the confidence and affection which that experience inspires. Under these circumstances the Coronation could not fail to be a source of intense rejoicing throughout the Empire, and such greetings as the people might be permitted to bring to the foot of the Throne would at any time have been marked by all the heartiness of personal attachment to the King. This feeling has, however, been deepened by the dramatic crisis which placed His Majesty's life in jeopardy at the very moment when the nation was preparing to acclaim his Coronation. The nation will not soon forget that struggle for life borne with such admirable courage, and marked by so many touching incidents which showed how complete was the reciprocity of sentiment between themselves and their King. It was then not only a King who had been newly consecrated to their service, but a beloved Prince who, for a second time in his life, had been snatched from the hands of Death that London greeted last Saturday, and it is small wonder that that greeting took the form of so enthusiastic an ovation. It was more than a greeting it was the people's thanksgiving, as the ceremony at St. Paul's on the following day was the King's thanksgiving. There are few trials in this life which do not bring their compensations, and the ordeal through which the King and the nation have lately passed is one of them. It has brightened the dawn of the new reign by revealing how genuine is the attachment of the people to the Throne, and how profound is the King's consciousness of his duty to his subjects. This striking ratification of the ceremonial pledges of the Coronation will, we are persuaded, exercise the happiest influence on the King's reign. With God's help it must make for the stability of the nation's progress, and for the happiness of both the King and his people. We can only pray that help will not be denied us and that all the splendid promises of the Edwardian epoch may be richly fulfilled.

The Thanksgiving at St. Paul's

THE MUSIC OF THE SERVICE

THE King's Thanksgiving at St. Paul's, although, like all Church services, a public act of worship, necessarily took a more of less personal tone, which was duly reflected in the music. The processional hymn, "Now thank we all our God," which is becoming almost as popular in England as it has so long been in Germany, was, it is stated on good authority, specially indicated by His Majesty himself, with whom it is a favourite, as it also is of the Emperor William. It has of late, though absurdly enough, been referred to as "Luther's hymn," but the great reformer had nothing to do with it. The noble melody is beyond all question the work of Johann Krüger or Crüger, who, by the way, it has wrongly been stated was a progenitor of the ex-Berlin President, and who, after passing through the Jesuit College at Olmutz, became Cantor at the Greyfriars' Church at Berlin, where he died in the year of the great fire of London. The words of the hymn are by Martin Kieckhardt, and the English version used is that published by Miss Winkworth in 1858. It has been called the "German Te Deum," and it is based on three verses of the first chapter of Ecclesiasticus, but although it has often been said to have been composed for the Peace of Westphalia there can be no doubt that the claim is imaginary. Whether or not it was adapted from a sixteenth century melody by Lucas Marenzio is another matter. At any rate, it has for very many years been sung at most national German Festivals, such as the service held in 1880 to celebrate the completion of the cathedral of Cologne, and at the laying of the foundation stone by the Kaiser of the new buildings for the Reichstag. Many eminent German composers have used it, the most familiar example being Mendelssohn's employment of the tune in his Hymn of Praise.

The familiar hymn, "Through all the changing scenes of life," sung before the service, is from the much derided Tate and Brady version which will be found at the end of the old Prayer Books, and was generally used in parish churches until the present generation demanded better poetry. The present hymn, based on Psalm XXXIV., has lived, partly perhaps owing to the hymn tune, "Wiltshire," which was written when he was about twenty years of age, by Sir George Smart, for the services of St. James's Chapel, Hampstead Road—that is to say, towards the end of the eighteenth century. Sir George Smart, who was the "Sir George Thrum" of Thackeray, was the friend of Weber (who died at his house in 1826), and was the director of the music at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The hymn, "Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him," sung after the sermon, was originally written to the tune of Haydn's Austrian National Anthem, for the "Foundling Apprentices attending Divine Service to return thanks." There were at the St. Paul's service, also, the special Psalms, the antiphons, the *Benedictus*, the National Anthem, and the *Te Deum*, the last, sung to the now familiar setting by Sir George Martin, composed for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and then performed on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. The special choir of about 400 voices took part, together with the band of the Royal Artillery, under Signor Zverval. The music was under the direction of Sir George Martin, the organist of St. Paul's.

The Bystander

"Stand by." CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STEEVE

THE other day I remarked that the new Thames Preservation League would probably have plenty of employment for its energies, and I fancy the fate of various bridges are likely to claim its attention for some time to come. At a recent meeting of the Surrey County Council it was remarked, "Before Kew Bridge was even opened they were engaged in considering the widening of Kingston Bridge and Hampton Court Bridge." It is sincerely to be trusted there will be no tampering with Kingston Bridge. As it stands, with its five elliptical arches, it is a well-built and graceful structure, and is probably as substantial as when it was first erected—taking the place of what was said to be the oldest wooden bridge on the river—seventy-seven years ago. If it is not wide enough to accommodate the traffic, let another bridge be erected higher up or lower down. As for Hampton Court Bridge, the hideous iron atrocity that replaced the delightful old wooden structure admirably pictured by Peter De Wint—six-and-thirty years ago, one would be glad of some excuse for its alteration. This would be a good opportunity for erecting a bridge that should be in some degree in harmony with the Palace and its surroundings. The present bridge is undoubtedly a discord amid the old-world harmony—which still exists even in these matter-of-fact days—with which it is surrounded.

A lady whom I am glad to learn is a constant reader of this column writes from Hungary *apropos* of my paragraph of the two gentlemen I saw in Wiltshire who, when a cold wind was blowing, had the front of the carriage up and sat with their backs to the horses. She says: "You would be astonished if you could see a carriage I know of—built expressly for the purpose of sheltering from the wind. It is a two-seated little victoria turned round, having the seat and hood with the back to the horses. This most ingenious contrivance enables old ladies or those in delicate health to enjoy a drive in the bad weather our Austrian autumn generally brings with it." This is an excellent notion, and I should very much like to see the carriage above described. The sooner it is introduced in England the better.

It is a curious fact that ever since wheeled vehicles were introduced to the present moment the seat facing the horses has been considered the place of distinction, whereas it really should be nothing of the kind. Actually it is the most uncomfortable seat in the carriage. If you sit with your back to the horses you are neither smothered with dust, nor do you have the wind in your teeth; at the same time you have an infinitely better view of the country and the passers-by. It is a strange thing that it has taken us well-nigh three centuries and a half—when whirlcoats were introduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—to discover this. But to suit all tastes I think a carriage with a revolving seat might be contrived, so that you might one day face the horses, the next turn your back on them, then sit sideways and face to the right or the left as the fancy might take you. The side seats in an Irish jaunting car are comfortable enough, so is the back seat of a dogcart, if you know how to manage it, provided in both these instances that the driver does not cut the corners too fine, and that you do not find yourself unexpectedly sitting in the road. However, my new vehicle—which I think I shall christen the "By-whirler"—will provide against all these catastrophes.

A note in the *Westminster Gazette* calls attention to "Motor-car English," and gives some very amusing instances of additions to the language by reason of this latest phase of wheeled traffic. It does not, however, mention the title of "electrical" applied to those popular and useful vehicles which made but too brief an appearance in the London streets, or the name "electrical ballero" given to their drivers. Neither does it give "motorcarity" as applying to the whole system of motors, their appliances, and their regulations. Nor does it give "motorcariasis," as being the name for that craze for speed which seems to afflict so many drivers when they escape from police supervision. Nor does it mention "motocracy" as being significant of the power which the new wheeling is rapidly assuming. There should also be names for the gruesome galardine, the grim goggles, the hideous head-dresses, the dismal dust-protectors, which the patrons of the new sport assume whenever they take their whirls abroad. Doubtless we shall know all about these things in due time, and the newest dictionary will probably devote a few pages towards their elucidation.



The card of invitation to the Royal Luncheon at Guildhall, in commemoration of the Coronation, consists of a photograph engraving on fine hand-made card. The principal features are portraits of the King on the left of the design and the Queen on the right, each enclosed in a laurel wreath border, their respective Arms appearing beneath the portraits. At the head of the card are depicted on either side vignettes of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral and the towers of Westminster Abbey, between which are the words "God save the King," the Arms of the City of London being shown in a prominent central position. At the foot of the card are the Arms of the Lord Mayor, with those of the Sheriffs. Messrs. Blades, East and Blades, Abchurch Lane, E.C., are responsible for the production of this work.

THE INVITATION CARD TO THE ROYAL LUNCHEON AT GUILDHALL

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

Monsieur Beaucaire, at the Comedy Theatre is a brilliant and picturesque comedy of romantic intrigue which does no justice to the constructive powers of the authors, Messrs. Booth Tarkenton and E. G. Sutherland, who are stated to have found the story of their play in a novel that has won some favour in America. It takes us back to fashionable Bath some forty years before the time when the self-torturing Falkland was sighing out his soul in Julia's dressing-room and Sir Lucius and Mr. Acres were preparing for a deadly encounter with Captain Jack Absolute in King's Mead Fields. To be precise, the date is 1735, when the famous master of the ceremonies, Beau Nash, immortalised by Goldsmith, ruled supreme over Pump-Room and Assembly-Room, and was, indeed, in the eyes of those who, in the style of that day, may be called "the votaries of Hygeia," the uncrowned King of Bath. It happens that the gay city is agitated just then by a mystery and a scandal. A stranger has appeared in its midst—a young gentleman of faultless dress and distinguished manners who speaks with a foreign accent, plays boldly at the card tables, and, though wholly unknown, has the daring to exhibit a marked admiration for the Lady Mary Carlyle, known as "the Beauty of Bath." The scandal deepens when Beau Nash makes the discovery that "Monsieur Beaucaire" appears to be an impostor, and in spite of his handsome clothes and airs of distinction is simply a hairdresser in the suite of the French Ambassador, masquerading as a fine gentleman. Monsieur Beaucaire is thereupon formally expelled from the Pump-Room by the inexorable attendant; but his enemies have not done with him yet. Having detected his real, the Duke of Winterset, in cheating at cards, Beaucaire compels him, as the price of silence, to introduce the audacious intruder to Lady Mary, whereupon the Duke meanly incites a bully known as Captain Badger to challenge him to fight a duel which, given the Captain's reputation as a swordsman, is supposed to be certain to end fatally for his antagonist. But not D'Artagnan himself, nor even the renowned Cyrano, was more skilled in arms than this redoubtable hairdresser, and the Captain retires from the encounter wounded. A like fate befalls the Duke and the gang of fashionable rascals whom he shabbily induces to conspire to thrash Beaucaire at a garden fete. It would be long to describe the ins-and-outs of these plots and counterplots, in the midst of which Beaucaire contrives to steal an occasional delicious *à la carte* with the lovely Lady Mary, albeit she is sorely perplexed between the promptings of her heart and the apparently incontrovertible evidences of her lover's plebeian status. Finally Beaucaire, having shaved his moustache and assumed the new name and guise of Monsieur de Chateaurien, even ventures to seek an interview with her within the forbidden precincts of the Pump-Room, and there, discovered by his enemies, including the argus-eyed Beau Nash, matters seem for him to be rapidly reaching a crisis when the arrival of the French Ambassador—the Marquis de Mirapoux—who addresses Beaucaire respectfully as "Monsieur," brings about the revelation that the supposed hairdresser is no other than the Duke of Orleans, who has been masquerading and hiding in order to escape from a marriage which his relatives are pressing upon him.

Not even in D'Artagnan had Mr. Lewis Waller a part better suited to him than that of Beaucaire. The actor enters upon it with a manifest zest, but the prevailing characteristics of his impersonation are rather subtlety and finish than overmastering impulse. Power he has in abundance, but it is kept well under control—a merit in which at an earlier stage of his career he was rather apt to be wanting. The ease and suavity he displays in his little encounters with opponents are delightful, and the somewhat perilous experiment of a marked but not exaggerated foreign accent is something more than successful. Miss Grace Lane imparts romantic interest to the character of the vacillating heroine by her handsome presence and her unaffected style. The Duke of Winterset, whose neglect of the old motto "Noblesse oblige" seems the more flagrant from his lofty figure, is played by Mr. Edward Ferriss. A capital performance also is that by Mr. Frank Dyall, of Beaucaire's chivalrous friend, Major Molyneux, who in conjunction with Miss Constance Walton, as Lucy Kellerton, is entrusted with a minor element of love interest. The play is very handsomely dressed and mounted.

"CAPTAIN KETTLE"

It is perhaps a question whether the audience who witnessed the first performance of the new melodrama at the Adelphi would have enjoyed Messrs. Malcolm Watson and Murray Carson's piece more if the authors had cared to make clear the motives and objects of their leading personages. Certainly they could not have applauded *Captain Kettle* more vociferously or accorded to the authors on the fall of the curtain a more encouraging reception. A certain amount of obscurity in this regard has always been recognised as one of the privileges of melodrama, and it may be that if the patrons of this popular house had been permitted to know the reasons for the strange conduct of the beautiful Dona Clotilde La Touche they would have experienced an uneasy sense of having parted with long-cherished "Adelphi traditions." For the rest the authors may be able to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of Cutcliffe Hyne, whose famous stories have furnished at least the foundations of the play. The incidents—not excepting the peaceful revolution in Ancharia, which brings the fourth and last act of the play to a close—are alternately thrilling and diverting, and these are merits which may secure for the play a practical success in spite of many absurdities. Mr. Murray Carson's humorous and energetic performance is likely to stamp upon the public mind yet more impressively the figure of the quaintly energetic and resourceful captain, and the authors could hardly have found a more imposing representative of Dona Clotilde than Miss Esme Beringer. Mr. Kinghorn's drunken Scotch Chief Engineer has a rare touch of the imaginative faculty, and the part of Miss Carnegie is played with excellent feeling by Miss Ethel Warwick.

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BIOSCOPE LIVING PICTURES, including Saturday's Royal Procession, and the Royal Procession and Coronation, &c., &c.

THE TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENTS for the Championships of London will be held in the Galleries of the Royal Aquarium Next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

NOTICE.—ROYAL AQUARIUM. The National Chrysanthemum Society's Fifty-seventh Annual Great Show and Fete will be held in the vast Aquarium Areas, the Galleries and the St. Stephen's Great Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst. The Show will be the Largest and Grandest ever held by the National Chrysanthemum Society.

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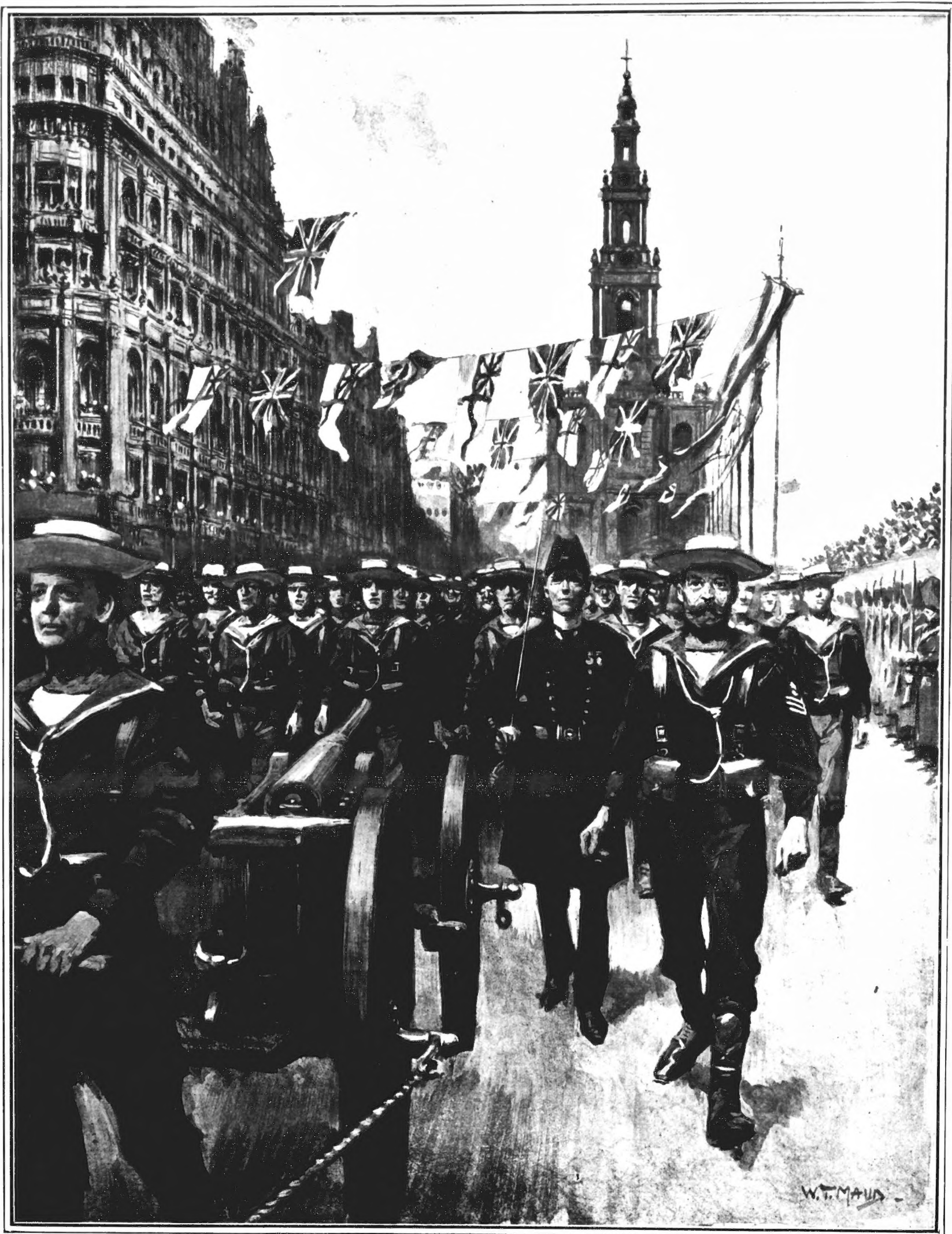
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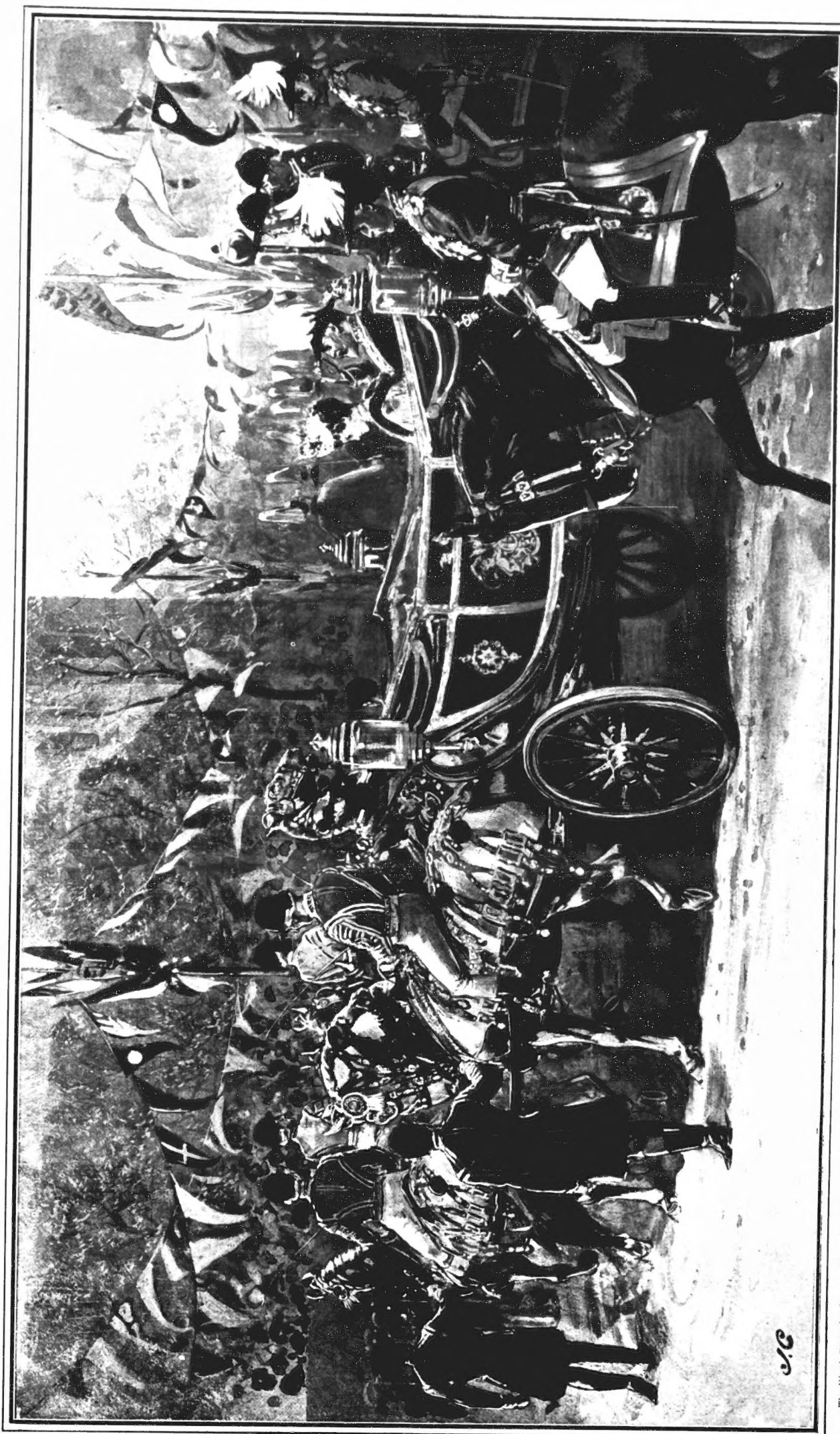
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The Naval detachment was supplied from H.M.S. *Excellent*. The bluejackets moved forward dragging along their khaki-coloured field guns with a swing and a stride that gained for them an uninterrupted roll of the admiring applause that greeted their position as leaders of the procession.

THE NAVAL DETACHMENT AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IN THE STRAND

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES



The King's State landau was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, at the head of each of which was a liveried servant. The carriage is wholly of British manufacture, and almost entirely of English materials. The only imported timber used is the pine and mahogany of

the pannels. The ash of the body, the elm of the wheelstocks, and the oak of the spokes grew in British soil. The crimson satin was woven in Spitalfields, and the silken lace in London also. All the leather was tanned and curried in London. The lamps, the crowns on the roof,

and the massive buckles were all made in London, and the whole of the construction carried out under the direction of the designer, Mr. John Robertson, managing director of Messrs. Hooper, Chelsea

THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, PASSING THROUGH PARLIAMENT SQUARE

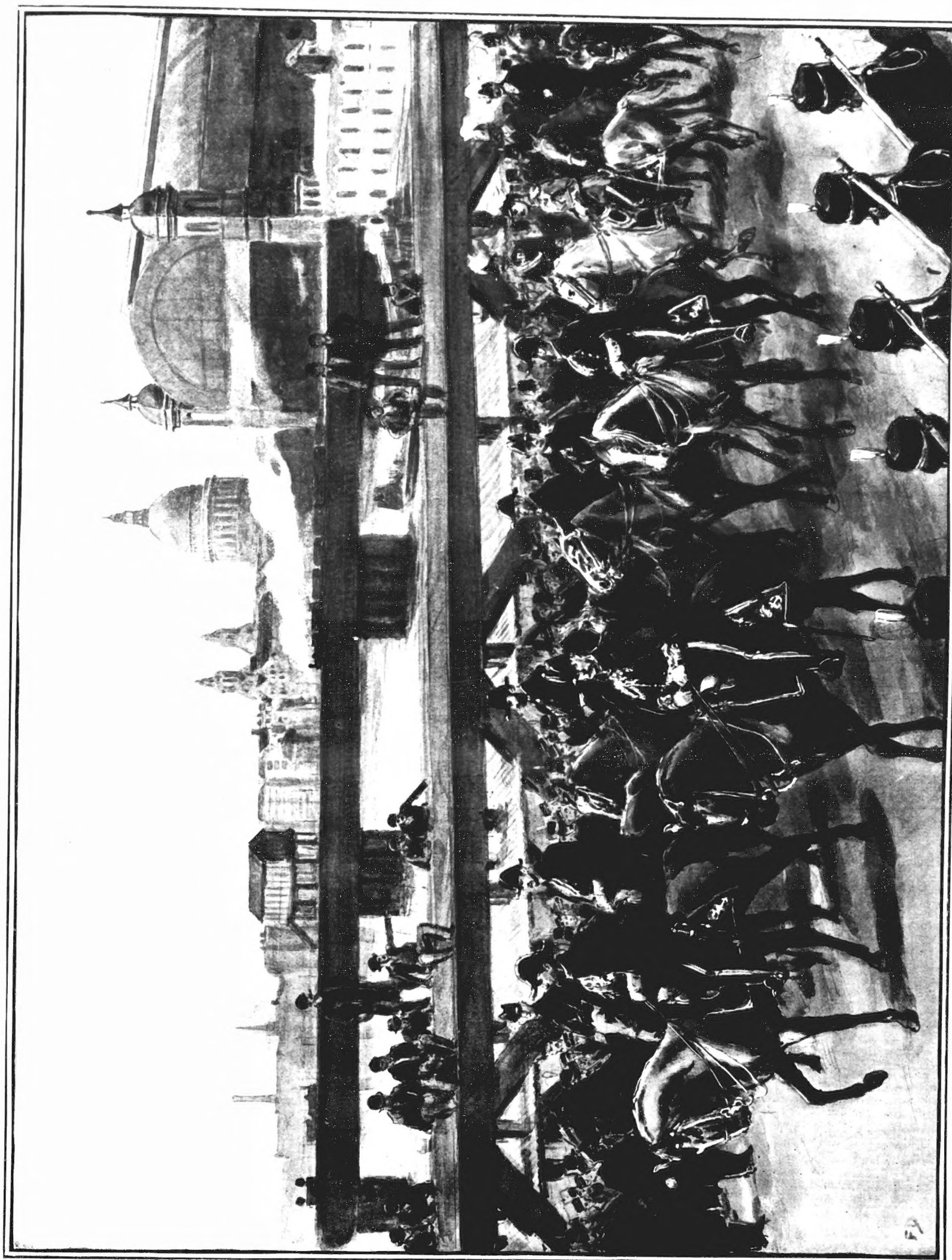
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



The roadway in Duncannon Street was lined with bluejackets, and in the large stand round St. Martin's Church were seated some of the men from H.M.S. *Terrible*, who gave three ringing cheers for the King as the Royal carriage passed.

THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE STRAND: THE ROYAL CARRIAGE ARRIVING AT CHARING CROSS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



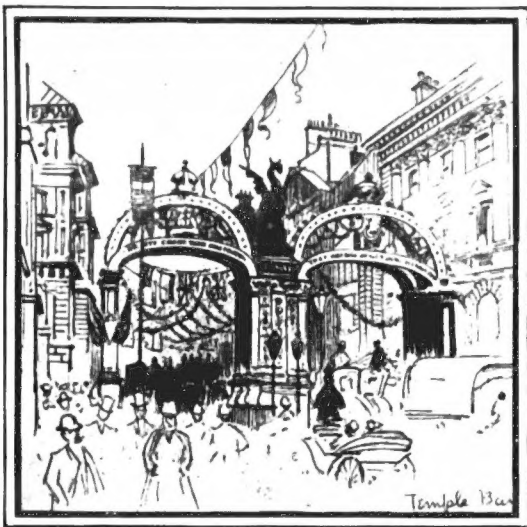
The Naval and Marine Aides-de-Camp to the King in the procession were:—Colonel T. D. Bridge, R.M.; Colonel W. Campbell, R.M.; Captain R. F. O. Foote, R.N.; Captain W. H. B. Graham, R.N.; Captain C. R. Arlathnot, R.N.; Captain A. C. Corry, R.N.; and Captain Sir R. Poore, R.N.; Captain F. C. B. Bridgeman, R.N.; Captain W. Des V. Hamilton, R.N.; Captain the Hon. H. Lambton, R.N.; and Admiral Sir E. Seymour.

PASSING OVER LONDON BRIDGE: THE NAVAL A.D.C.'S IN THE PROCESSION

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The Royal Procession

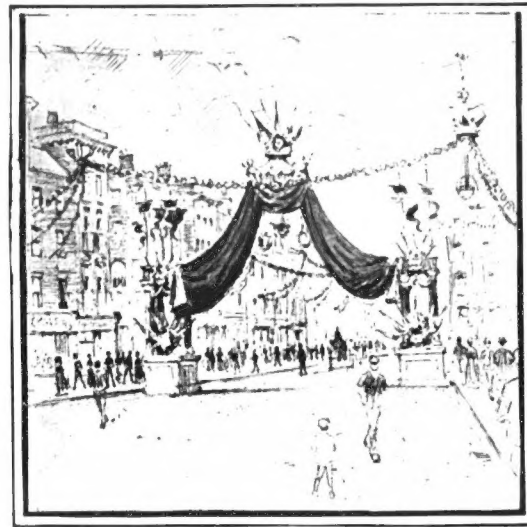
EVER since last June, when the shadow of the King's illness came down on the country, and turned a time of rejoicing into a time of overwhelming anxiety, hope has run high that in due time His Majesty would make a Royal progress through the capital, and let one and all testify to their loyalty and heartfelt joy at his recovery. The Coronation procession gave the West End the desired opportunity, but only a small proportion of the dwellers in the South and East of London were able then to participate in the general rejoicings. Last Saturday was emphatically the people's day, and nothing happened to mar the proceedings. Even the weather, which throughout the year has been strangely capricious, rose to the occasion, for the grey October day, with its fitful gleams of wintry sunshine, was neither cold nor threatening, and the crowds who lined the route had to fear neither rain nor colds in the head as a sequel to their enthusiasm. Soon after sunrise the first comers took up their position near Buckingham Palace, and watched for the first signs of life and activity and for the opening scenes in the day's pageant, but not until ten o'clock did the troops allotted for lining the route take up their places. When they did fall into position some disappointment was caused by their being carefully cloaked, a thoughtful Government presumably fearing rain, though to the man in the street nothing seemed less likely. But while the bearskins and greycoats of the Foot Guards robbed the streets of some of the colour which was urgently required, the cloaking movement was a gain in that it gave us the rich crimson cloaks of the Life Guards, and no one who had an opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view of these splendid squadrons wending their way down long stretches of sanded road will readily forget the dignity and splendour of their appearance. In itself the procession was not such as we might have had in June, still few, possibly, among those who witnessed it but were astonished at its length and impressiveness. London over the water, so long disappointed, and withal so patient, was rewarded at last by a splendid military spectacle, in addition to a lengthy view of His Majesty and the Queen, and though there was no occasion to arrange the procession along miles of road, as was done at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral, its length was sufficient for the



AT THE CITY BOUNDARY: LOOKING DOWN FLEET STREET



AT THE JUNCTION OF THE BOROUGH ROAD AND NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOROUGH

DECORATIONS ON THE ROUTE OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION

DRAWN BY HOWARD FENTON

head to be drawn out in Trafalgar Square before the King and Queen stepped into their carriage at Buckingham Palace. The decorations along the route were simple but yet gay and effective. Far less had been done than earlier in the year in the way of tasteless artificial and over-elaborate schemes, but the flags and streamers were all sufficient, and made the route look bright and animated. One point which struck the ordinary impartial observer as a little curious was that while the weather was considered inclement enough by the Army authorities for all the men to turn out in overcoats, the Naval authorities apparently had no such misgivings with regard to the sailors. All the bluejackets who paraded were quite unprotected, and as they swung down the streets they received a welcome second only to that accorded to their Majesties. If the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace was the most sought-after position, Trafalgar Square was the most favoured, for further west than this no one saw the procession in its entirety. The great space lent itself to large views, and it seemed fitting that, while Nelson's monument still stood draped with commemorative wreaths, so strong a naval element should prevail there, for at one time not merely were 500 men from the *Terrible* conspicuous onlookers, but the naval gun detachment took up their position there preparatory to heading the procession as soon as the booming of the guns should announce that their Majesties had left the Palace.

The actual order of the procession was as follows:—

Two carriages with Members of the Corporation (from Temple Bar to Mansion House only).
FIRST CARRIAGE
 Four Members of the Common Council.
SECOND CARRIAGE
 Four Members of the Court of Aldermen.
THE KING'S PROCESSION FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE
 (Starting at 12 noon.)
 Lieut.-Col. J. S. Cowans.
 Four Troopers, 2nd Life Guards.
 Naval Gun Detachment.
 Mounted Band, Royal Artillery.
 "N" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.
 Band, 2nd Life Guards.

Squadrons—
 1st Life Guards.
 Royal Horse Guards.
 "X" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.
 Band, 1st Royal Dragoon.
 Squadron, 1st Royal Dragoon.
 10th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.
 Band, 1st Hussars.
 Squadron, 1st Hussars.
 70th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.
 Band, 5th Lancers.
 Squadron, 5th Lancers.

Personal Staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

THE AIDES-DE-CAMP TO THE KING.
 Volunteer Aides-de-Camp.
 Yeomanry Aides-de-Camp.
 Militia Aides-de-Camp.
 Regular Forces Aides-de-Camp.
 Navy and Marines Aides-de-Camp.
 The Headquarters Staff of the Army.
 Field-Marshal, if available.

Sheriffs of the City of London (from Temple Bar to Mansion House).
 Mr. Alderman Truscott.
 T. H. Brooke-Hitching, Esq.

CARRIAGE PROCESSION

FIRST CARRIAGE (Dress Landau with Pair Bay Horses):

Hon. H. Stonor, Groom in Waiting.
 Viscount Valentia, Comptroller of the Household.
 V. Cavendish, Esq., Treasurer of the Household.

SECOND CARRIAGE (Dress Landau with Pair Bay Horses):

Earl Waldegrave, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
 Lord Belper, Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
 Lord Farquhar, Master of the Household.

THIRD CARRIAGE (Dress Landau with Pair Bay Horses):

Lord Knollys, Private Secretary.
 General Sir D. M. Proulx, Keeper of the Privy Purse.
 Viscount Colville of Culross, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

FOURTH CARRIAGE (Dress Landau with Pair Bay Horses):

Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom.
 Lord Chelmsford, Gold Stick.
 Lord Lawrence, Lord in Waiting.

FIFTH CARRIAGE (Dress Landau with Pair Bay Horses):

The Dowager Countess of Lytton, Lady of the Bedchamber.
 The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain.
 The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord Steward.
 The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes.

SIXTH CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

H.H. the Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg.
 H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Connaught.
 H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg).
 H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.

SEVENTH CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

H.H. the Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.
 H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.
 H.R.H. the Princess Patricia of Connaught.
 H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

EIGHTH CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Black Horses):

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.
 H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).
 H.R.H. the Princess Victoria.

The Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Dimsdale, mounted
 (Temple Bar to Mansion House).

The Equeries and Extra-Equeries to the King:

Lord Marcus T. de la P. Beresford.	Lieut.-Col. A. B. Haig.	Lieut.-Col. Hon. Sir W. Carrington.
Capt. Hon. A. H. F. Greville.	Maj.-Gen. Sir A. E. A. Ellis.	Lieut.-Col. Sir A. J. Bigge.
Lieut.-Col. Sir F. I. Edwards.	Col. Sir R. N. F. Kingscote.	Maj.-Gen. J. C. Russell.
Maj.-Gen. Sir J. C. McNeill.	Capt. G. L. Holford.	Capt. Hon. S. Fortescue, R.N.
Lieut.-Col. Hon. H. C. Legge.	Br.-Col. A. Davidson.	Maj.-Gen. Sir S. de A. C. Clarke.

Field-Marshal Right Hon. the Earl Roberts, Commander-in-Chief.

First Division of Sovereign's Escort, 1st Life Guards.

The State Carriage, drawn by Eight Cream-coloured Horses, conveying:

Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught (mounted).	Their Majesties The KING AND QUEEN.	H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (mounted).
Lieut.-Col. Hon. C. Bingham, Captain of Escort.	Standard.	Colonel T. Calley, Field Officer of Escort.

Major-General Sir H. Trotter, Chief Staff Officer.
 The Duke of Argyll. H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
 Capt. F. E. G. Ponsbury, Major-General Sir H. P. Ewart, Equerry in Waiting. Crown Equerry. The Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse.

Lieut.-Col. D. A. Kinlock, Grenadier Guards, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles, 1st Life Guards, Silver Stick.	Col. J. F. Brocklehurst, Equerry in Waiting to the Queen.	The Hon. J. H. Ward, Equerry in Waiting to the King.
Major C. Wray, Equerry to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.	Col. Henry Knollys, Equerry to Prince Charles of Denmark.	Capt. Viscount Crichton, Equerry to the Prince of Wales.	The Hon. Derek Keppel, Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

Lieut. F. N. F. M. Vaughan, Grenadier Guards, Adjutant in Brigade Waiting.
 Aide-de-Camp to H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Capt. W. F. Lascelles, Scots Guards.
 Lieut. F. H. Brassey, 1st Life Guards, Silver Stick, Adjutant in Waiting.
 Major-General H. Mackinnon, Six Royal Grooms.
 Rear Division of Sovereign's Escort, 1st Life Guards.
 Reserve Squadron of Royal Horse Guards.

When the gorgeous State carriages came into view the Royal Princesses received hearty welcome all along the route, and so too did the veteran Duke of Cambridge. There were a host of people—distinguished aides-de-camp and less known Royalties—who passed almost unrecognised, but generation after generation of Londoners has been familiar with the Duke of Cambridge, and few more popular figures ever appear in a procession. His latest successor as Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, stiff, alert, and smart, and, in spite of his years, riding with consummate ease a beautiful horse, came in for recognition not less hearty. Riding a little way ahead of the Royal carriage, he looked the *beau-idéal* of an English soldier and gentleman, and his reception was spontaneous and genuine. But the King and Queen were what all London wanted to see, and the moment the Royal State carriage, used for the first time, came into view, everyone else was forgotten. Halt the people never saw the Prince of Wales riding on one side or the Duke of Connaught the other side. They had eyes only for the monarch they had come out to welcome, and were all anxiety to try and see how he was looking after the strain of the past month. At certain places splendid opportunity was afforded, notably at Trafalgar Square, Norfolk Street, and Temple Bar. At Trafalgar Square, where the "Terribles" responded as only sailors can to a call for three cheers, on the north side of the square an awning stretched over to the roadway from the huge County Council stands, and beneath this was a slightly raised platform. Interested spectators at this point were the Boer Generals, Botha, Delarey, and De Wet, who were with Lady McDougall, wife of the Chairman of the London County Council. Here the Royal carriage stopped, and the address from the London County Council, offering their congratulations and thankfulness for His Majesty's recovery, was read by Mr. Gomme, the Clerk, to which the King made suitable reply. Sir John McDougall then presented the Vice-Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, and the Clerk of the Council, and the Queen accepted a bouquet from Miss Katharine McDougall.

The Chairman's little daughter. Only three or four minutes were occupied by the entire ceremony, and the cavalcade again moved off, to halt once more at a little platform erected in mid-thoroughfare opposite Norfolk Street, where a second address, from the seventeen Metropolitan Boroughs north of the Thames, was presented by Mr. J. W. Crump, Mayor of Islington, and again His Majesty made a brief reply.

AT TEMPLE BAR

A third halt was at Temple Bar. The reception of the Sovereign at the City entrance is always effective, and on Saturday it was particularly so, although only those who had seats in the immediate vicinity of the Griffin were able to see the ancient ceremony satisfactorily, for a large space was kept entirely clear of people. The Griffin itself was gaily decorated. Two arches had been erected, the outside columns being of proportionate dimensions, with bases coloured to represent stonework. Gowns were tastefully decorated with golden pomegranates, while the domes were surmounted with an Imperial crown. Autumn foliage in graceful festoons hung from the arches, which were tinted golden, and, approached from the western side, bore the words "The Citizens greet their King and Queen." "With Rejoicings for Restoration to Health," and on the other side Wordsworth's lines, "Health to our King in wood and wold, Health to our Queen in bower and hall." Long before their Majesties arrived a diversion came in the form of Lord Mayor Dimsdale, with the Sheriffs and the Sword and Mace bearers. The Lord Mayor, who was wearing his earl's robes of crimson and ermine, was on horseback, but quickly dismounted, and with his little court spent the period of waiting in Child's Bank, the directors of which for many years have placed their premises at his disposal when he or his predecessors in office have come on similar mission to the City boundary. On the arrival of the King the traditional ceremony of presenting the City Sword took place. This over, the Lord Mayor called out in vigorous tones: "God Save the King." The cheers were

given with splendid enthusiasm. The Lord Mayor then mounted with wonderful agility, considering how much he was handicapped by sword and cloak, and, burthened, he led the way into the City precincts, the Royal party following after a minute's delay. In Fleet Street His Majesty's attention was called to the little knot of Balaklava Veterans, who stood prominently in front of the line of soldiers, while Ludgate Circus looked very imposing. The eight golden lions in parallel rows were very striking, and the familiar granite obelisks, flowered and bedraped, were scarcely recognisable. A great canopy over the whole circus, descending from a crown in the centre, completed the scheme. The waiting crowds, nowhere particularly dense, made up in enthusiasm for their want of numbers, and thundering cheers greeted their Majesties, the Duke of Connaught, and the Prince of Wales all the way through the City, which, after Ludgate Circus, presented no very noticeable feature until the Guildhall came into view. But the Guildhall had done wonders. Seldom had it received a more brilliant company. Seldom, indeed, had it looked more attractive. Great Ministers of State, famous Ambassadors, distinguished military and naval officers, judges, councillors and all the bearers of England's most eminent names had been gathering there from a comparatively early hour to assemble in the Library. To reach this chamber they had to cross the pavilion erected in front of the Guildhall, and as they crossed they ran the gauntlet of recognition and cheers. This temporary edifice was most tasteful in design. To right and left of its broad central corridor were tiers of benches rising in steep incline, and filled with sight-seers. The roof was supported by fluted pillars of blue, with white springing arches over gilt cornices, and open trellis panelling. Drapery in blue and white was arranged with pendant bunches of ferns and evergreens between, while the prismatic candelabra and electric candles gave a light and graceful character to the whole of the extemporised structure. The inner corridors were carpeted in crimson and profusely decorated with flowers. The reception in the Library completed, there was still time for a mutual interchange of compliments, and then, as one o'clock approached, a move was made to the Guildhall itself, where the guests took their places at table to await their Majesties' arrival.

THE LUNCHEON AT THE GUILDHALL

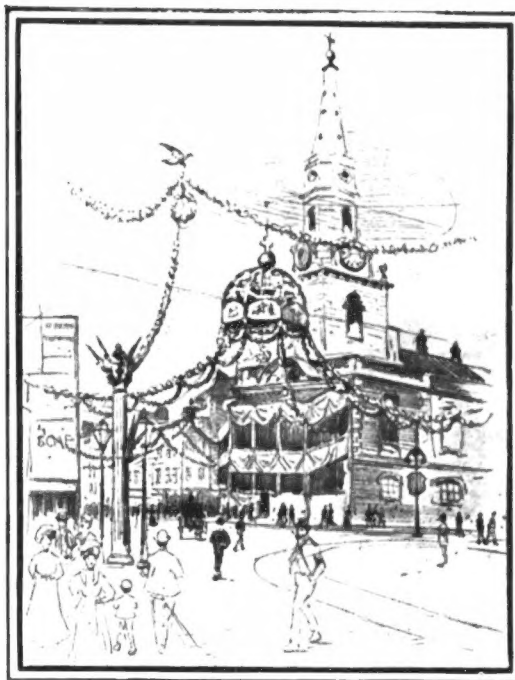
It is many years since a Sovereign has partaken of the hospitality of the City and much longer still since a King and Queen have been entertained in the Guildhall. The King when Prince of Wales has often dined or lunched at the Guildhall or Mansion House, but then he sat at the right hand of the Lord Mayor as the guest of honour. On Saturday the King and Queen sat at a raised table and the Lord Mayor occupied a seat below. At the east end of the hall, under the stained glass window, was set the Royal table on a platform, three steps above the floor of the hall. In the middle, under a canopy of crimson velvet edged with gold lace and lined with white silk bearing the Royal Arms in colours, stood the chairs for the King and Queen, while on either side were set the chairs for the members of the Royal Family. The blaze of colour presented by the brilliant uniforms and handsome dresses of the waiting guests was illumined by over a thousand electric lamps. To this crowded and splendid gathering a blare of trumpets at a quarter-past one announced the arrival of the Royal party. Then there entered the hall a procession headed by the Sheriffs, followed by the Mace-Bearer and the Lord Mayor, with the Pearl Sword, and the Lady Mayoress. The King and Queen followed, and were greeted with hearty cheers as they were conducted to their dais at the end of the hall. The King wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the Queen wore a beautiful white costume, gold embroidered. Both their Majesties wore the Blue Ribbon of the Garter. The other members of the Royal Family who had been in the procession followed. When all had reached the dais the King and Queen stopped and faced the brilliant assembly. A congratulatory address from the Corporation was then read by the Recorder and presented to the King, and His Majesty made the following reply:—

"Your warm testimonies of loyalty and affection and the cordial welcome given to us by you on behalf of our ancient and loyal City of London are profoundly gratifying to myself and to the Queen. I am deeply touched by your congratulations on our Coronation and on my restoration to health which Heaven has been pleased to grant in answer to the prayers of my people. I join with you in praying that prosperity and contentment may reign henceforth throughout my Empire."

This reply was then handed by his Majesty to the Lord Mayor, who received it kneeling.

After this ceremony, the Lord Mayor, by the desire of the King, presented to him and the Queen, the Sheriffs and the two senior Aldermen. Then the Lord Mayor conducted the King and Queen to their chairs, and the other members of the Royal Family took their places. On the King's right hand were Princess Victoria, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), Prince Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Fife, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. On the Queen's left hand were the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Charles of Denmark, Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duke of Argyll, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Eugénie of Battenberg.

After grace had been sung by a choir, conducted by Dr. Cummings, the luncheon was begun, and at a quarter to two a blare of trumpets announced the first toast. The Common Crier from the centre of the hall called in a loud voice, "The Lord Mayor gives you the toast of His Majesty the King." The toast having been loyally drunk, the King bowed his acknowledgments, and then Madame Albani sang the first verse of the National Anthem, which was taken up and repeated by the whole company. The second toast, "Her Majesty the Queen and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family," followed, the Grenadiers' Band playing a few bars of the National

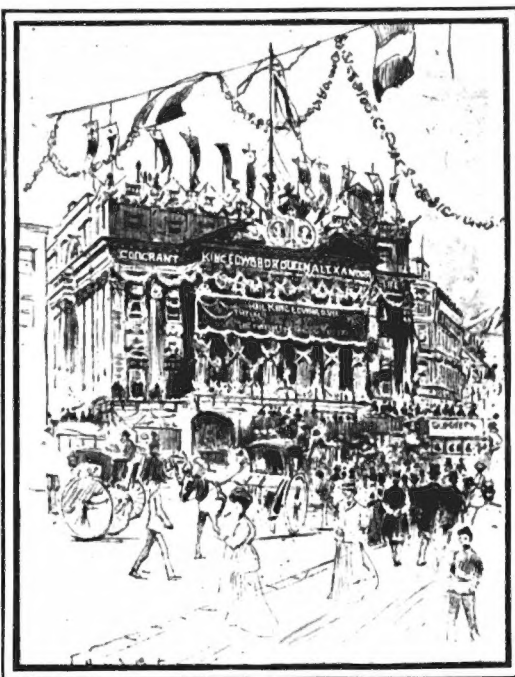


AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK

Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The last toast, "The Lord Mayor and Prosperity to the City of London," was promptly called and duly honoured, and almost immediately the royal party left the Hall.

THE WELCOME OVER THE WATER

The brief but brilliant ceremony at the Guildhall being concluded, the procession re-formed and started on its triumphal progress through the South of London. Outside the Mansion House there was a dense crowd. The great concourse of people at this point of the route was no doubt due to the fact that here one had the advantage of seeing the procession on its way to and on its return from the Guildhall. The decoration of King William's Statue (by Messrs. Defries) was very effective. The base of the pedestal was covered with blue cloth, having a golden border of lions and laurel ornamentation. Four colossal lions' heads in gold, with wreaths and festoons, formed a striking feature of the design. Around the upper part of the column were portraits in oils of the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Above the portraits, and immediately beneath the feet of the Statue of King William nautical emblems were displayed. Passing over London Bridge the procession entered the Borough High Street. The welcome given on the south side of the river was demonstratively enthusiastic. The pavements were crowded, and the windows were full of spectators, while decorations were general. Festoons of flowers crossed the street at some points, and at Southwark Church a sort of floral dome was suspended in mid-air. At the entrance to Borough Road was a Masonic decoration put up by South London Freemasons. At the Municipal Offices of the Southwark Borough Council in this road, the heads of South London boroughs were gathered to present an address of welcome to the King. On a stand on the pavement were the



THE MANSION HOUSE

DECORATIONS ON THE ROUTE OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION

DRAWN BY HOWARD PENTON

Mayors, in scarlet robes and chains of office, and the bewigged Town Clerks, and with them were the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark in levée robes of red and purple, and the Mayoresses with handsome bouquets. The Mayor of Southwark, Mr. Redman, handed the united address from the Southern boroughs to the Home Secretary, who handed it to the King. The King thanked the Mayor of Southwark very heartily, and congratulated him up on the fact that they had been favoured with such fine weather for the function. He then handed to the Home Secretary to be handed to the Mayor, his reply. The Queen accepted a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley and Alexandra orchids from Mrs. Redman, and the procession resumed its journey towards Westminster Bridge amid roars of tumultuous cheers, their welcome all the way being most enthusiastic. On the bridge were assembled on one side some thousand boys belonging to the Church Lads' and Boys' Brigades, and on the other a number of boys from the Duke of York's School, Kneller Hall, and H.M.S. Worcester, and the Royal Naval School. Passing under the archway of the Horse Guards, their Majesties were greeted by a gathering of Chelsea pensioners. The scene at the Horse Guards Parade was most effective, a vast sea of faces stretching uninterruptedly to the Duke of York steps. Not only were gathered there representatives of many branches of the Army, but there were several thousand citizen soldiers, companies from a large number of Volunteer and Yeomanry regiments. The Royal procession entered the Mall at half-past three. Their Majesties, now again in sight of home, looked not the least fatigued in consequence of their prolonged drive. With thunders of cheers sounding in their ears they re-entered Buckingham Palace, from which they had been absent nearly four hours.

DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Soon after their return the King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family who had taken part in the procession appeared on the balcony over the main entrance to Buckingham Palace. The people cheered again and again, and so great was the demonstration that their Majesties, who had once retired, reappeared on the balcony, to the great delight of the enthusiastic crowd, and there was a renewal of the popular greeting. The Prince of Wales stood beside their Majesties, and the Duke of Connaught was close behind them. The other members of the Royal Family were grouped on their Majesties' right.

It was officially announced that the Lord Mayor had received the following letter from the Home Secretary:—

"Home Department, Whitehall, October 25, 1902.

"My Lord,—I have received the King's commands to express to your Lordship His Majesty's thanks for the hospitality with which their Majesties were entertained at the Guildhall this afternoon.

"The King commands me further to inform your Lordship that both he and the Queen were highly gratified by the loyal reception accorded to their Majesties throughout their progress through the City of London.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,

"A. AKERS-DOUGLAS."

THE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S

A large crowd had assembled outside Buckingham Palace on Sunday, and their Majesties were warmly greeted. Down to Charing Cross the route was the same as that taken on Saturday. Then turning down Northumberland Avenue, the procession emerged on to the Embankment, where the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs awaited the arrival of the Royal party at the City boundary, immediately opposite the entrance to Temple Pier, and the familiar ceremony of homage was again enacted. The order of the procession was as follows:—

FIRST CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

THE KING AND QUEEN.

H.R.H. Princess Victoria.

Captain F. E. G. Ponsonby and the Hon. J. H. Ward, Equerries in Waiting, riding beside the carriage.

SECOND CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

H.R.H. Prince Charles of Denmark.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes.

Lady of the Bedchamber.

Lord Lawrence, Lord in Waiting.

THIRD CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

Viscount Colville of Culross, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

General Sir D. M. Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Lord Knollys, Private Secretary.

Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Woman of the Bedchamber.

FOURTH CARRIAGE (Dress Road Landau with Four Bay Horses):

The Hon. H. Stonor, Groom in Waiting.

The Hon. Sidney Greville, Private Secretary to the Queen.

Colonel Henry Knollys, Equerry to H.R.H. Prince Charles of Denmark.

The full band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Cav. Zaverthal, was in attendance, and played the following selection of music beginning at ten o'clock:—

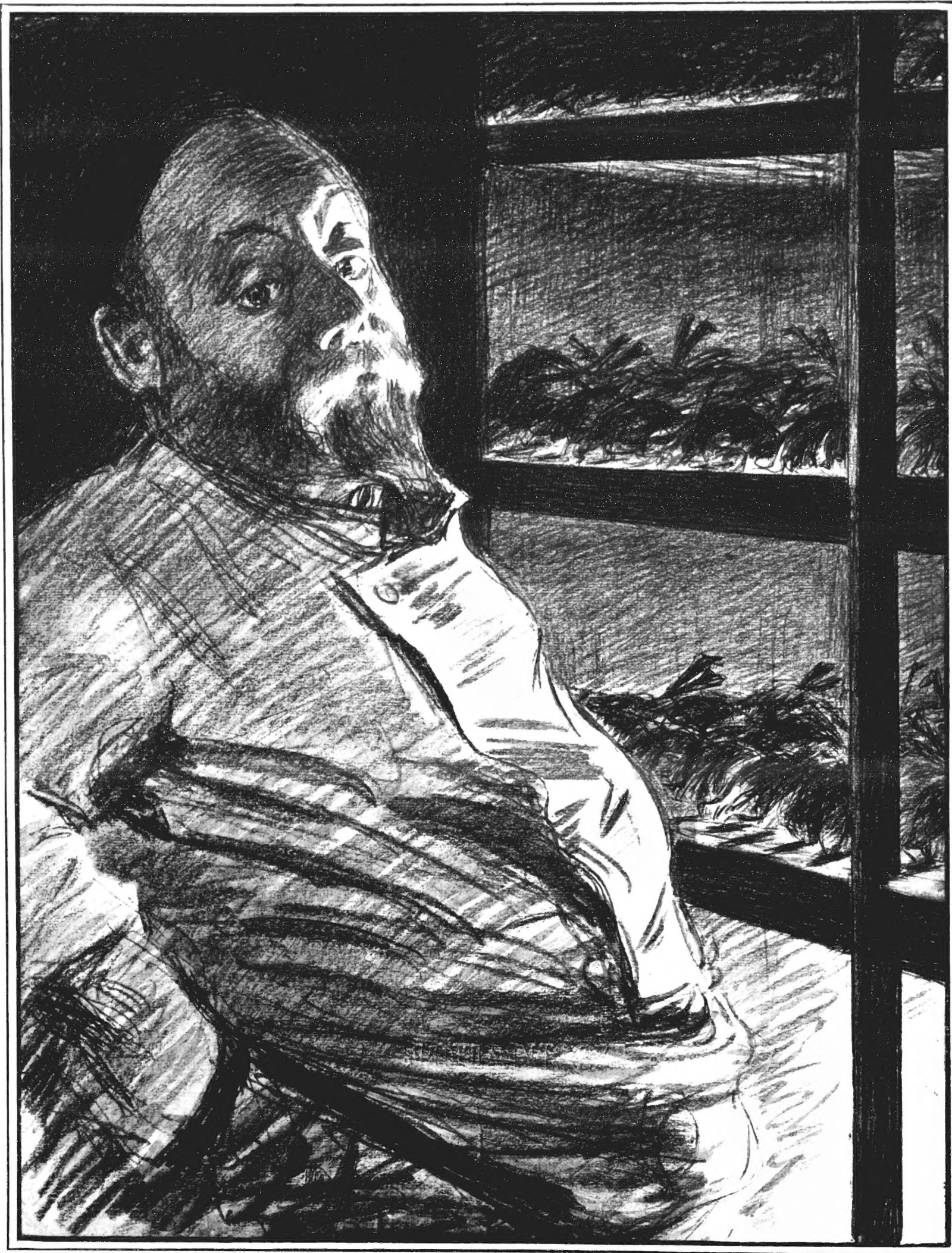
Overture "Loyal Hearts" Zaverthal.

Ave Maria Schubert.

Hymn of Praise .. (1st movement) Mendelssohn.

Largo Handel.

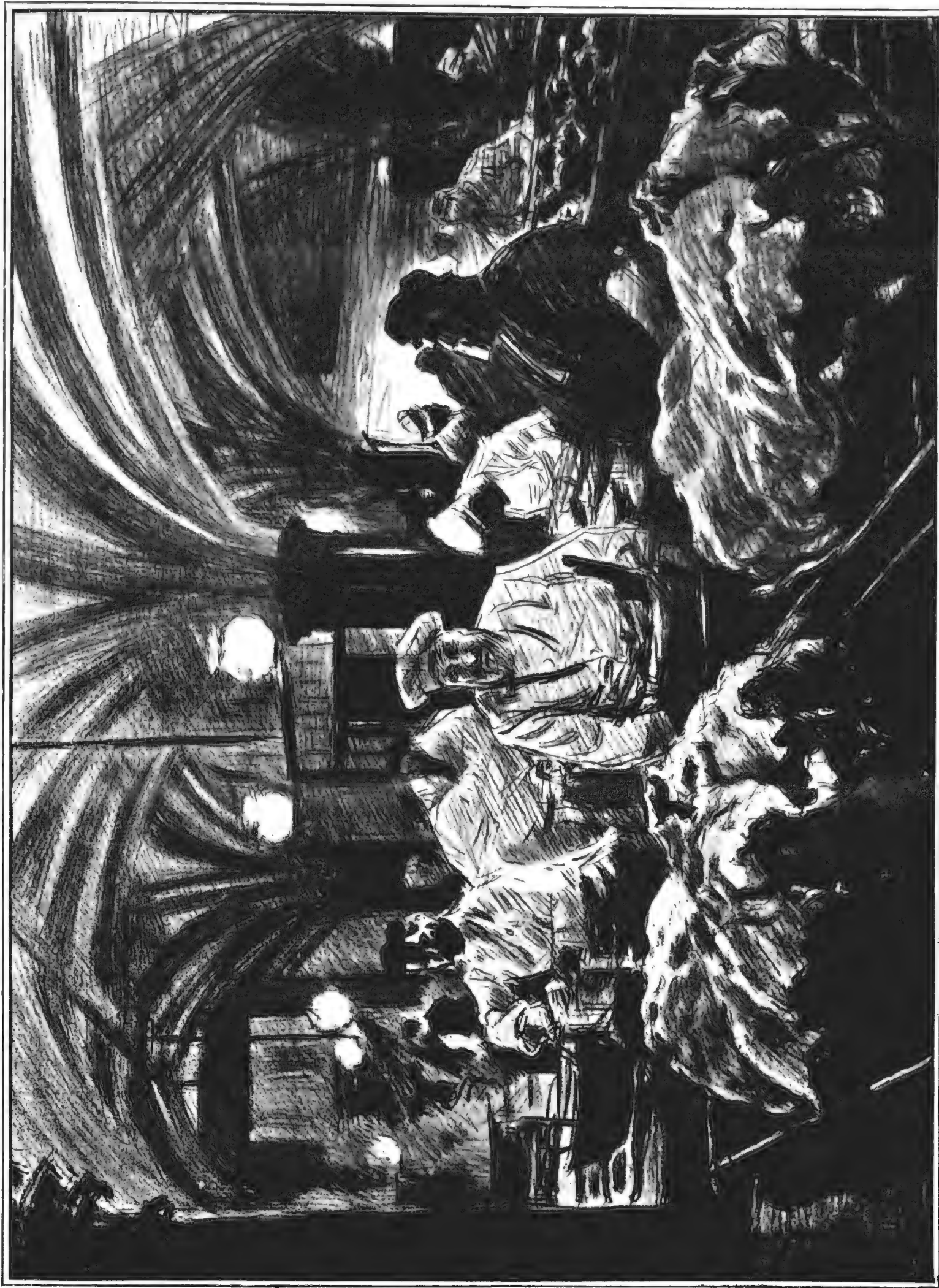
At the Cathedral vast crowds had assembled, but only comparatively few were fortunate enough to get within and avail themselves of the space allotted to the general public. Among the bearers of distinguished names who were present were the Prime Minister and Miss Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Long, Lord Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, the American Ambassador, Lord Cross, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord and Lady Londonderry, the two Archbishops, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Francis Jeune, Lord Monkswell, Lord Meath, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker, Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary, Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., Lord Selborne, and a host of members of both Houses of Parliament. The scene within the Cathedral, the music and the chief features of the Service are referred to elsewhere. The return to Buckingham Palace was made by way of Newgate Street, Holborn and Oxford Street.



Luncheon had to be served in about forty minutes. In order to expedite matters, 170 waiters were employed, while thirty odd cooks were engaged to assist Mr. Morton in his heavy task

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LUNCHEON MENU: MR. MORTON, THE CHEF OF THE GUILDHALL KITCHEN

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD



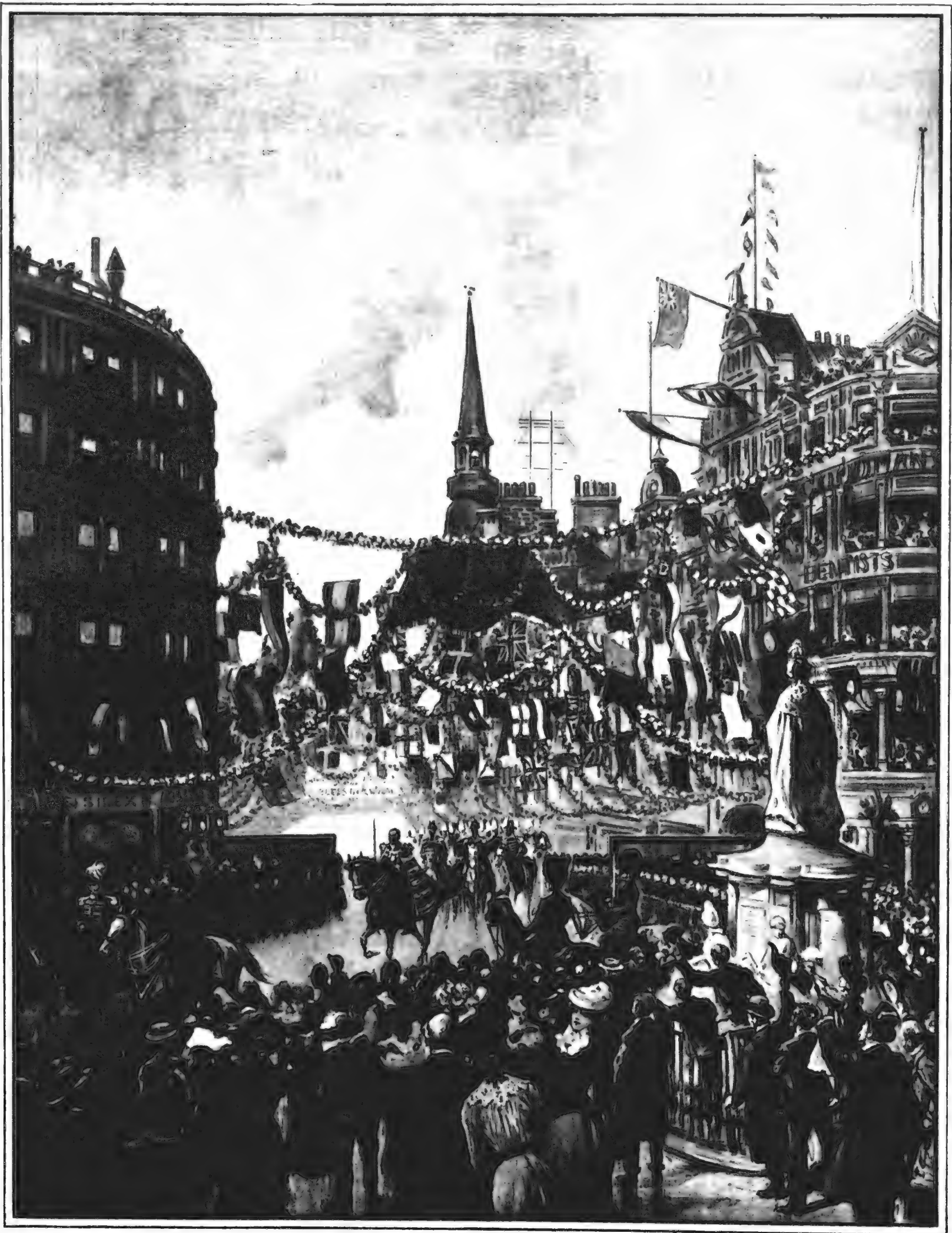
The caterers for the luncheon were Messrs. Ring and Bryner, by whose courtesy our artist was admitted to the kitchen. The work that devolved upon the staff of cooks may be imagined when it is stated that there were seventy-five tureens of turtle soup, to be served hot, besides

the elaborate cold menu. This included two huge barons of beef, 100 dishes of mayonnaise of lobster, ninety-five pyramids of quails, 100 dishes of mayonnaise of sole, sixty mousses de volaille, sixty dishes of lamb cutlets, 240 chickens, 120 dishes of ham, twenty-five dishes of prawns

in aspic, twenty-five dishes of foie gras in aspic, twenty-four dishes of blanquettes, sixty oranges, and wine jellies, sixty fruit salads, ninety dishes of terrines, and various other trifles.

PREPARING THE ROYAL LUNCHEON: THE BARONS OF BEEF IN THE KITCHEN IN THE GUILDHALL VAULTS

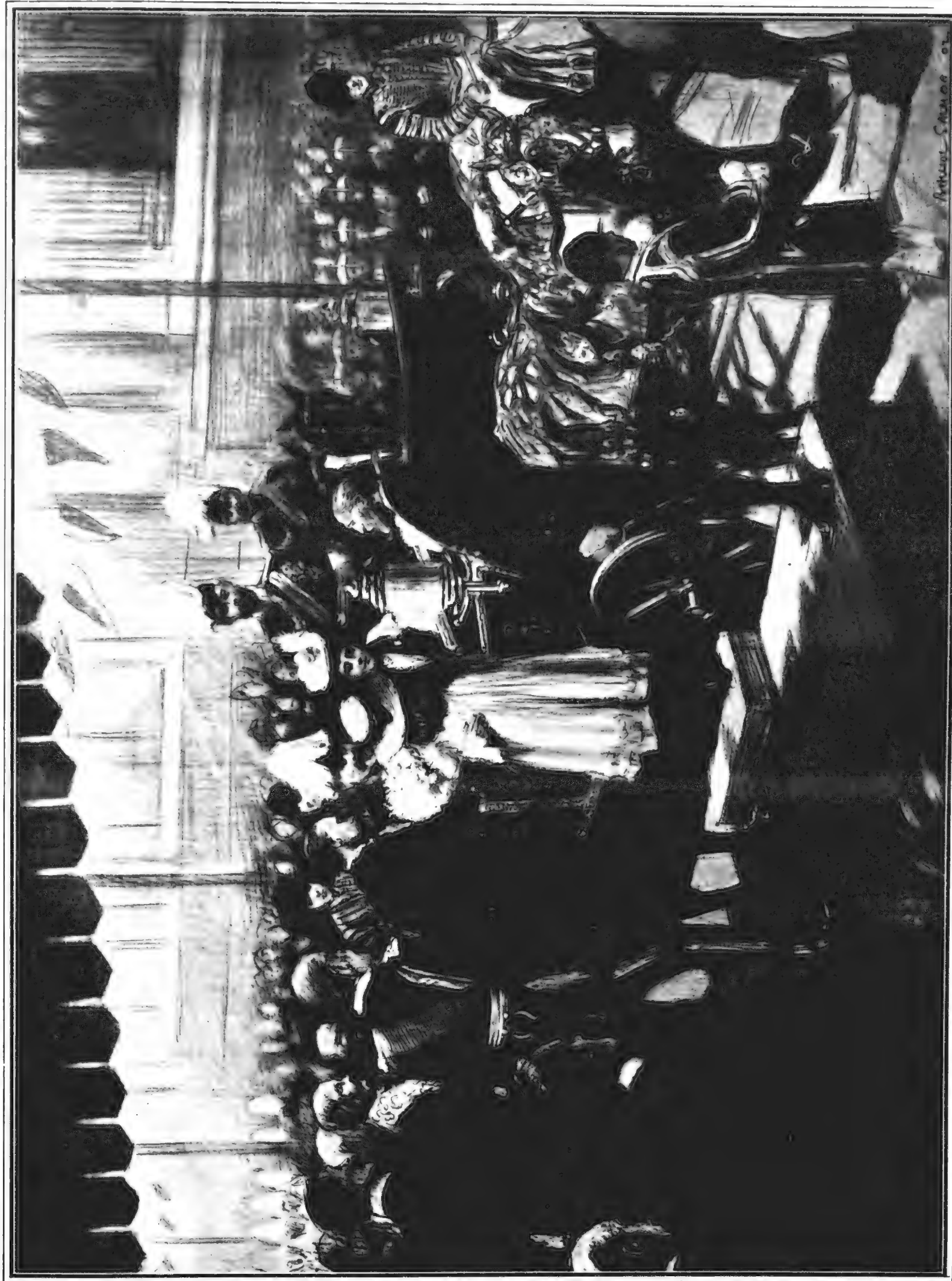
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



At the conclusion of the ceremony at Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor, at the signal from the King, mounted his horse, and carrying the Pearl Sword, with which he had done homage, preceded the Royal carriage, riding bareheaded to the Guildhall

THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD: THE LORD MAYOR ON HORSEBACK

DRAWN BY P. C. DICKINSON



After the presentation of the London County Council's address, Miss Katharine Mcbougal, for the Queen's acceptance a beautiful bouquet of pale pink La France roses and lilies of the valley. This the King took, saying, "Thank you, my dear," and handed it to the Queen. Turning again to Sir J. Mcbougal, His Majesty observed, "I am so glad for us all that it is a fine day."

THE HALT AT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S STAND IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



In Southern London interest was centred in the presentation of the address to their Majesties from the "Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors" of the Metropolitan Boroughs of Southwark, Bermondsey, Lambeth, Wandsworth, Camberwell, Deptford, Greenwich, Lewisham, and Woolwich. This took place opposite the Southwark Vestry Hall in Borough Road, where the Address was presented by Mr. Redman, the Mayor of Southwark.

THE KING RECEIVING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM SOUTH LONDON BOROUGHES

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.



Admiral Sir E. Seymour rode behind the lines of Naval and Marine A.D.C.'s to the King. With him was the Duke of Fife, who, mounted on a splendid charger, took part in the procession as Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London

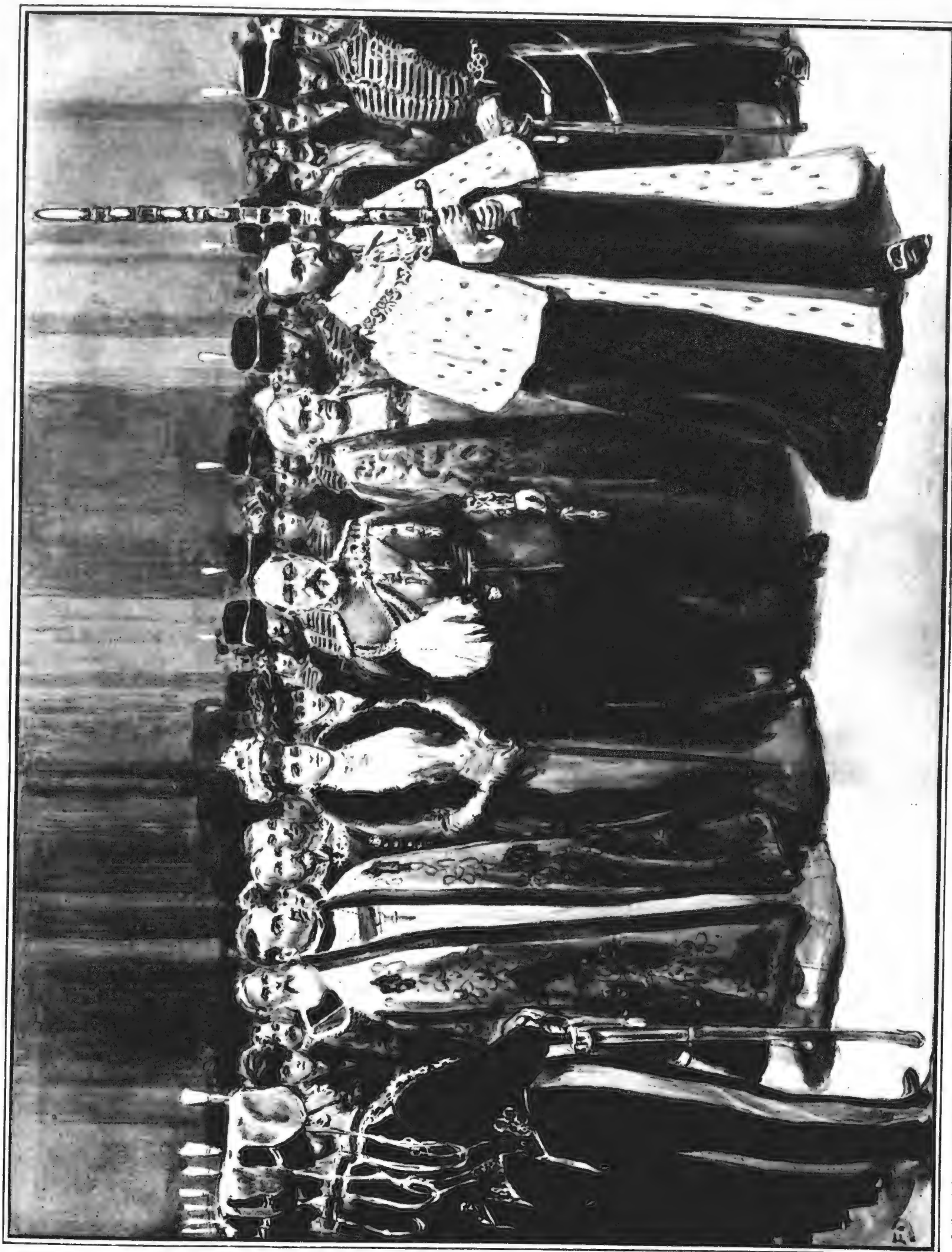
THE DUKE OF FIFE AND ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR IN THE PROCESSION

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

From the latest Portrait, taken by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street



On the arrival of the King and Queen at the West Door of the Cathedral, the Bishop of London, with the Dean and the Canons Residentiary, paid homage to their Majesties. A

procession was then formed. At the head was a verger, followed by trumpeters, then came the choir, clergy and the Sheriffs. Behind them was the Lord Mayor bearing the Pearl Sword.

and immediately next were the King and Queen, supported by the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S: THEIR MAJESTIES PROCEEDING UP THE CENTRE AISLE TO THEIR SEATS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

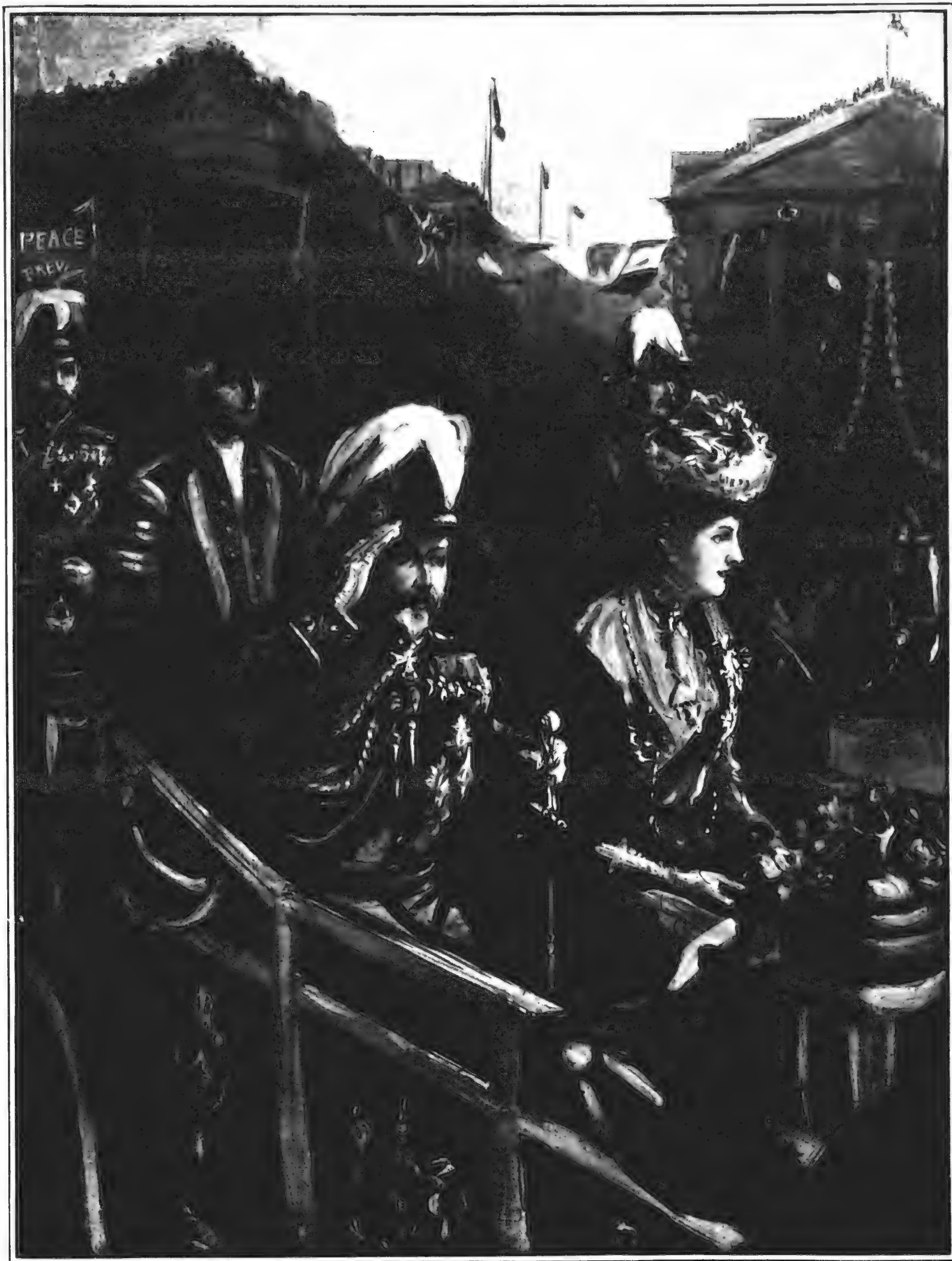


On their return after the service the King and Queen took a route which had not been traversed during the previous day. Leaving St. Paul's Churchyard by the Cheapside corner, they passed across that thoroughfare into Newgate Street, and thence along Holborn Viaduct, Holborn, and Oxford Street, to the Marble Arch,

where they entered Hyde Park and drove straight through to Hyde Park Corner. The weather was somewhat inclement, but in some places large crowds had gathered.

RETURNING FROM THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S: THE PROCESSION PASSING STAPLE INN

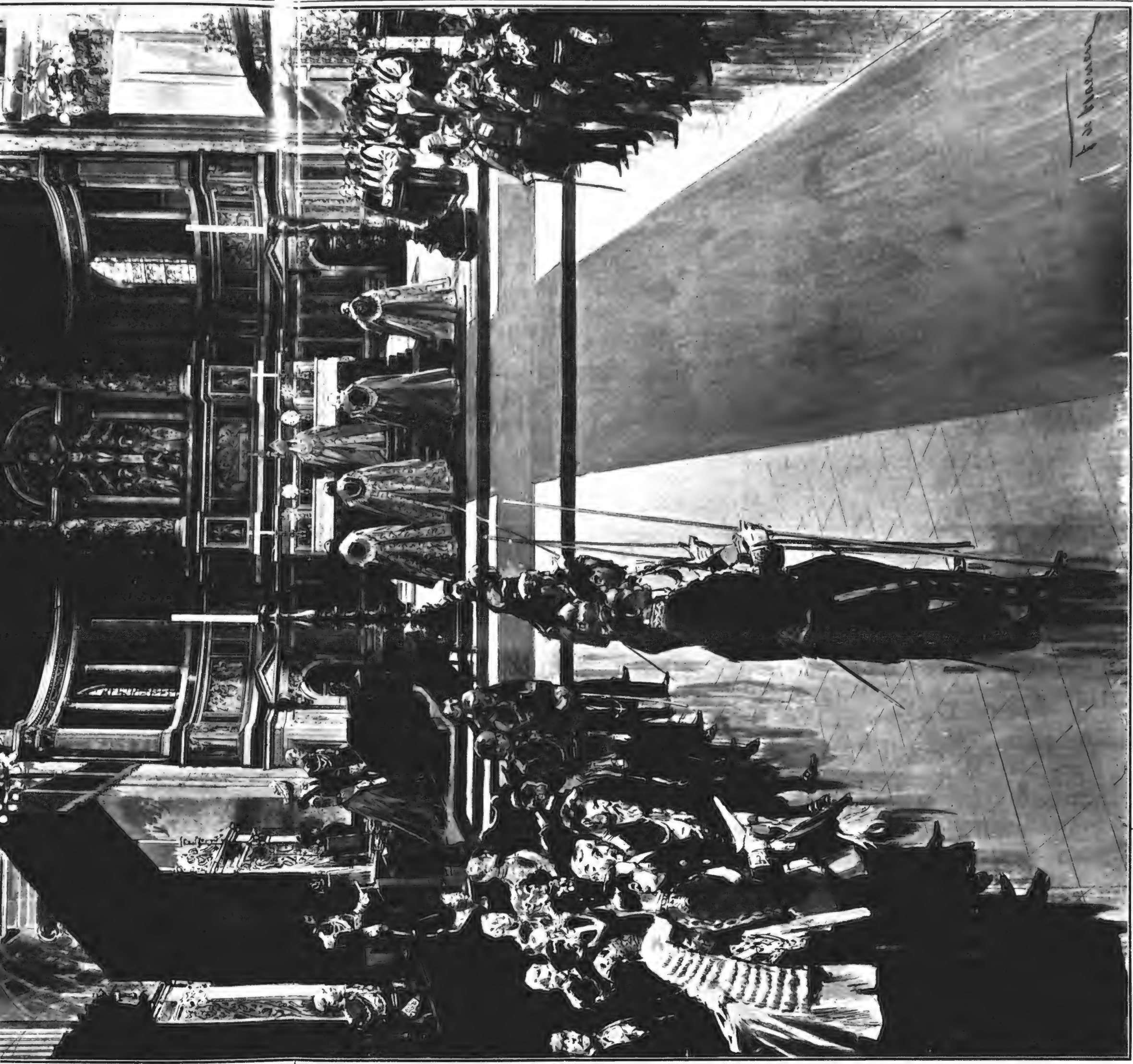
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD.



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE

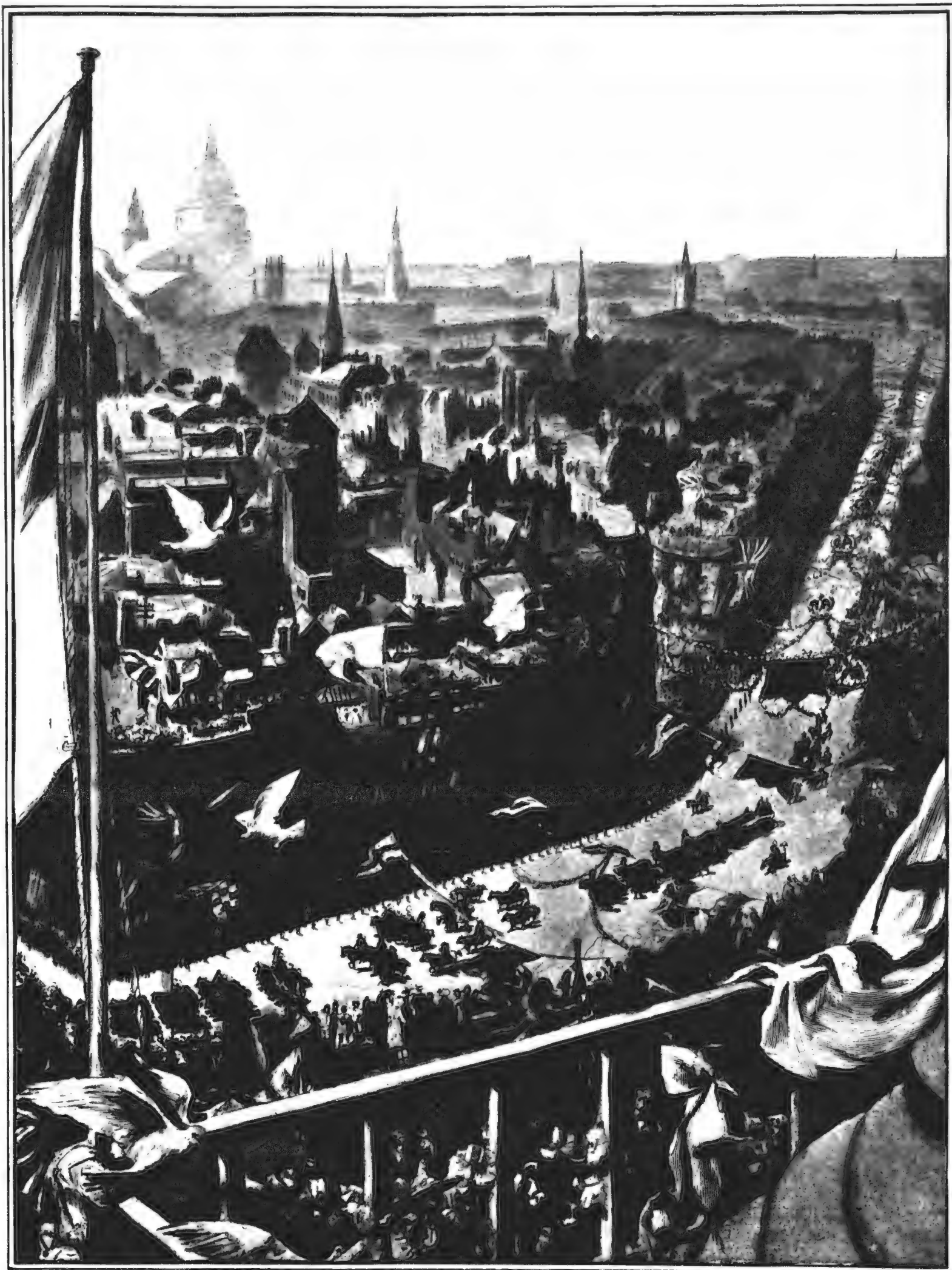
DRAWN BY SIDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.





THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE SINGING OF THE "TE DEUM"

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



From the top of the Monument, which is 202 feet high, a curious view was obtained by our artist of the procession entering King William Street, as it resumed its journey after the banquet. Away on the left could be seen the grey dome of St. Paul's, while the spires of some eight of the City churches rose here and there above the masses of buildings.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION AS SEEN FROM THE MONUMENT, LOOKING NORTH-WEST

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE



Views of some right of the City churches rose

NORTH-WEST



It was thirteen minutes past one when a fanfare from the City trumpeters announced the arrival of the Royal guests, and as the head of the procession appeared in the doorway the whole company rose to its feet. Preceding their Majesties was the Lord Mayor, carrying

the sword upright before the King and Queen, and attended by the City officers. Slowly the procession moved up the central aisle, their Majesties acknowledging by graceful bows the loyal salutations from every part of the hall. On arriving within a short distance of the dais the Lord

Mayor halted and handed the sword to the Sword Bearer, who, simultaneously reversing the mace. Their Majesties, accompanied by the Royal Family, then proceeded to take their positions on the dais.

THE LUNCHEON AT THE GUILDHALL: THEIR MAJESTIES PROCEEDING UP THE AISLE

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



and attended by the City officers. Slowly the
Majesties acknowledging by graceful bows the loyal
greeting within a short distance of the dais the Lord

Mayor halted and handed the sword to the Sword Bearer, who reversed it, the Mace Bearer
simultaneously reversing the mace. Their Majesties, accompanied by the other members of the
Royal Family, then proceeded to take their positions on the dais, whereupon the Lord Mayor,

the two Senior Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriff, the Mayor and members of the address, the
Town Clerk, and the chairmen of the Coronation Committees advanced toward the King and
Queen, making three reverences as they approached to present the address.

CILDHALL: THEIR MAJESTIES PROCEEDING UP THE HALL TO THE DAIS

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



The King, on Monday morning, held an inspection, on the Horse Guards' Parade, of the Brigade of Guards—including the 2nd and 3rd Battalions Grenadier Guards, 1st and 2nd Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards, and a detachment of the 1st Irish Guards, together with Reservists of the Guards who have served in South Africa. The 2nd Scots Guards, who were also to have been present, had they arrived in time from South Africa, did not reach Southampton till Monday morning, and so could not put in an appearance. The battalions as they arrived on the ground were drawn up in column. In front was drawn up a line of old officers of the Guards

who had served in various capacities in South Africa. Here were Lord Methuen, Sir H. Colville, Major-Generals Inigo Jones, A. H. Paget, Barrington Campbell, Mackinnon, Lord Maitland, and Lord Albemarle, and several others. In the rear of the scarlet tunics were nine companies of time-expired men and Reservists in plain clothes. Major-General Sir H. Trotter was in command. His Majesty arrived on the ground just after 11 a.m., preceded by the Headquarters Staff of the Army, and accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Roberts. The Queen, Princess Victoria, and the Duchess of Connaught were also

present. When the King reached the mounting-base a Royal salute was fired. He inspected the Brigade; a march-past followed, an advance in column, and a salute. The King next rode up to the troops and addressed them. His Majesty said he had watched with interest the long and arduous campaign in which they had conducted themselves throughout the long and arduous campaign which made every one proud who had served in the Guards. He felt glad that as a young man he served in their ranks.

THE KING'S INSPECTION OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS FROM SOUTH AFRICA: HIS MAJESTY RIDING ALONG

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



Sir H. Colville,
Lord Maitland,
companies of
Trotter was in
y the Head-
of Connaught,
ight were also

present. When the King reached the shooting base a Royal salute was given. Then His Majesty inspected the Brigade; a march-past followed, an advance in review order, and another Royal salute. The King next rode up to the troops and addressed them, welcoming them home from active service. His Majesty said he had watched with the greatest interest the manner in which they had conducted themselves throughout the long and arduous campaign. They had upheld that great name which made every one proud who had belonged to the Brigade of Guards. He felt glad that as a young man he served in their ranks, though he regretted that

he had not had an opportunity, like his brother, of seeing active service in the field. His Majesty added that he should ever take the deepest interest in the Brigade, and expressed his sincere satisfaction with the appearance and performance of the men in that day's parade. After a few words of thanks to the King from Major-General Trotter, the ceremony was closed with three hearty cheers for His Majesty, given by the men.

AFRICA: HIS MAJESTY RIDING ALONG THE LINE OF DISTINGUISHED EX-GUARDSMEN

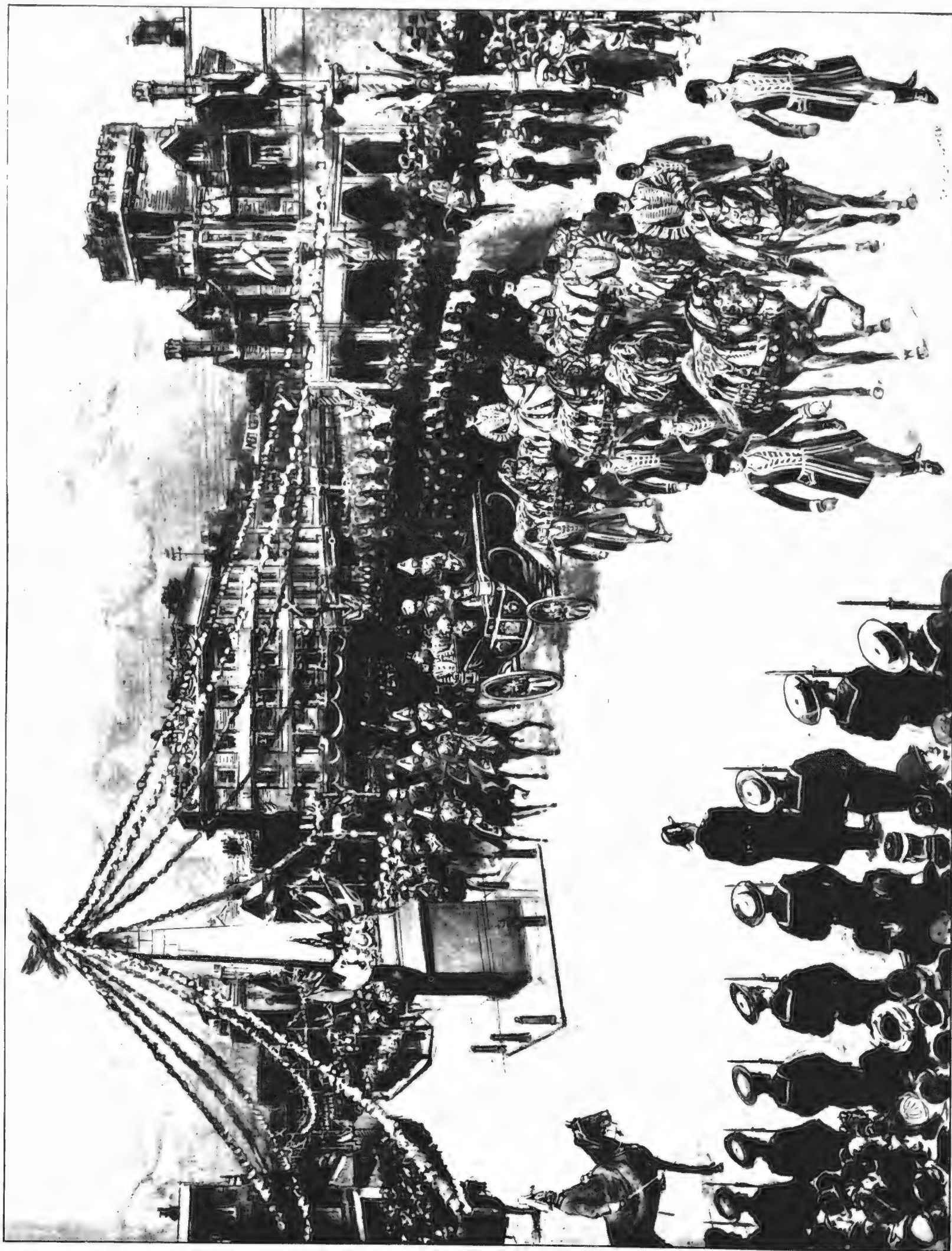
OWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



From the top of the Monument, as one looked south the procession could be seen as it wended its way over London Bridge. The church at the foot of the Monument in Fish Street Hill is St. Magnus', built by Wren. On the opposite side of the road is the Fishmongers' Hall. In the distance, across the river, with its flag-bedecked craft, could be seen the tower of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION, AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT, LOOKING SOUTH

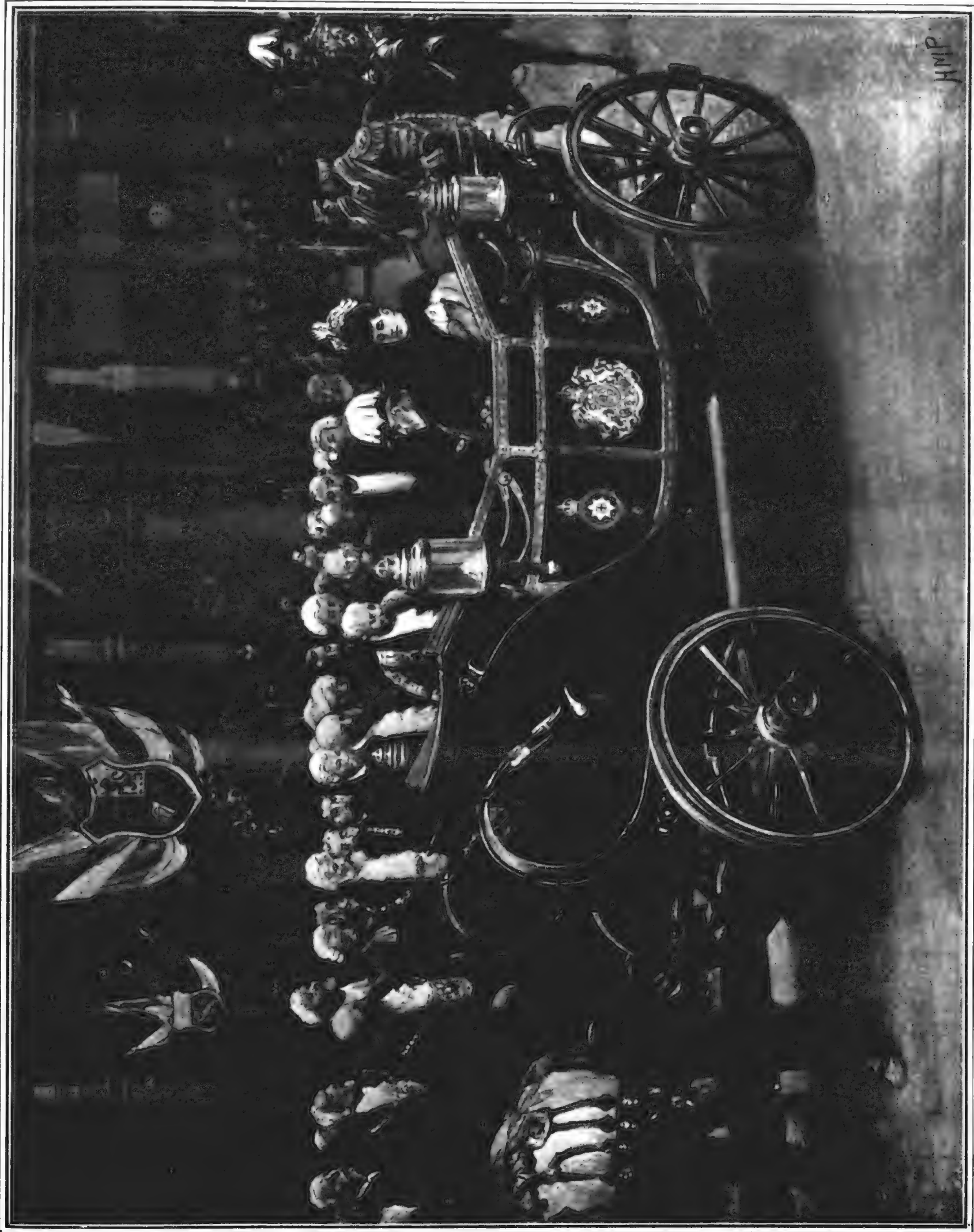
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE



Of the mile of route between St. George's Circus and Westminster Bridge, the most striking feature was the circus itself. On the obelisk in the centre the Royal Arms was emblazoned in gilt, surmounted by flags. Overhead floated a gilded serpent holding a bunch of floral ropes, which radiated to ten gaily painted columns, with Corinthian capitals, placed at intervals round the circle.

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE OBEISK IN ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER, FROM THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL



The Mayors of seventeen North London boroughs, besides the Mayor of Westminster all clad in gorgeous scarlet and gold robes of office, awaited the King and Queen on a street "island" near Norfolk Street, in the newly cleared space between the Church of St.

Mary-le-Strand and the Church of St. Clement Danes. On the arrival of the Royal carriage, the Mayor of Westminster presented an address. The King thanked him, and His Majesty's formal reply was handed to him by the Home Secretary. The Mayor of

Islington, on behalf of the seventeen northern boroughs, then presented an address. The King expressed his thanks in a few words, and a formal reply was handed to the Mayor, and the procession started again.

WESTMINSTERS WELCOME: THE MAYOR PRESENTING AN ADDRESS TO THE KING IN THE STRAND

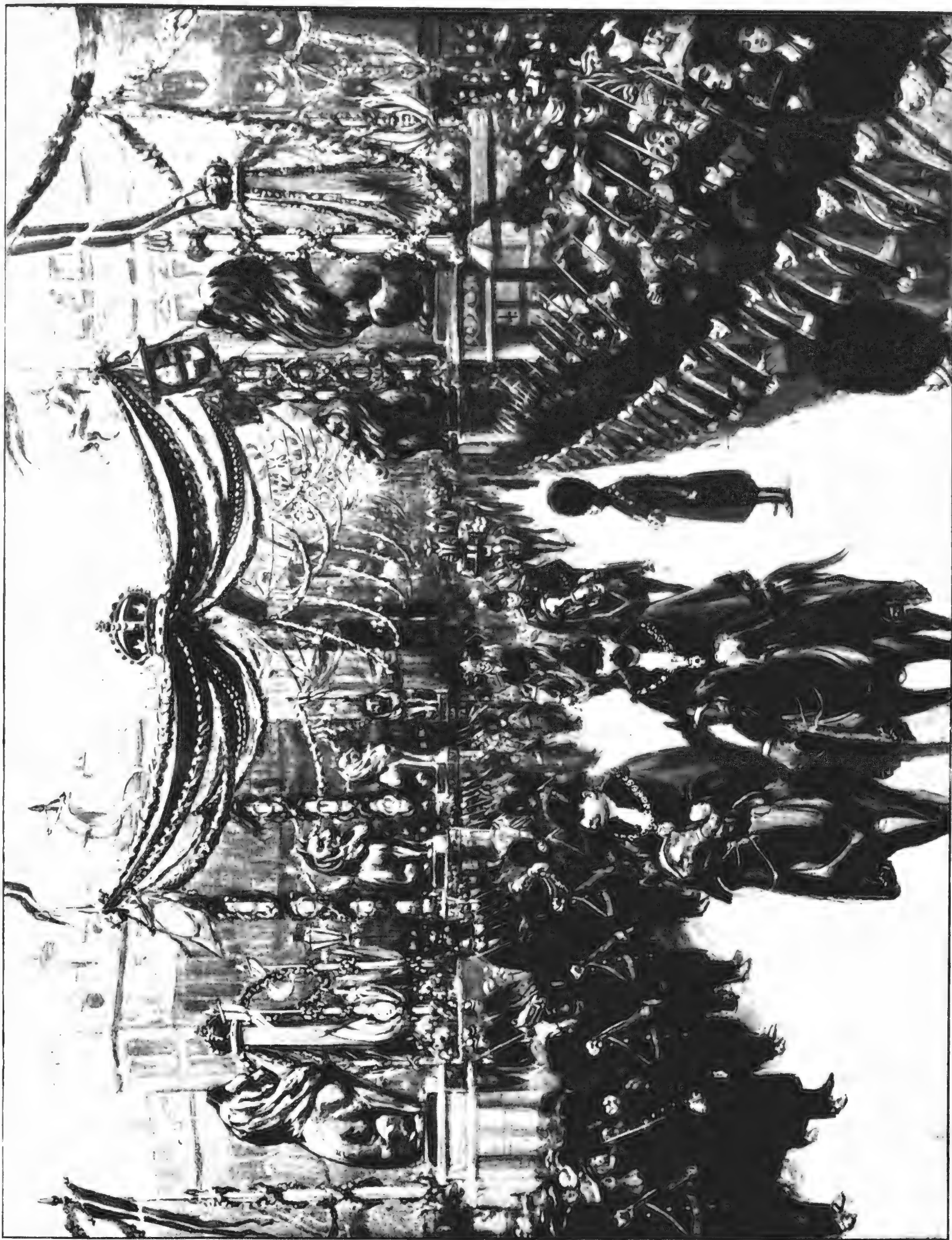
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



On the King's arrival at Temple Bar the Lord Mayor advanced to the carriage, carrying the massive sword in its jewelled scabbard, and made low obeisance. Rising, he tendered the sword to His Majesty, so that the King could with outstretched hand touch it. The Lord Mayor then welcomed Their Majesties to the City in the following words, addressed to the king:—"May it please your Majesty,—I surrender to your Majesty the Sword of your ancient and loyal City of London, on behalf of the citizens of the first city of your Empire. May I express my earnest and sincere

pride at this great and historic function, the consummation of your Majesties' Coronation? May it be the precursor of a long, happy, and prosperous reign of your Majesties." His Majesty lightly touched the emblem, and then withdrew his hand, in token of his desire that the sword should be retained in the keeping of the Chief Magistrate, accompanying the action with a few pleasantly spoken words.

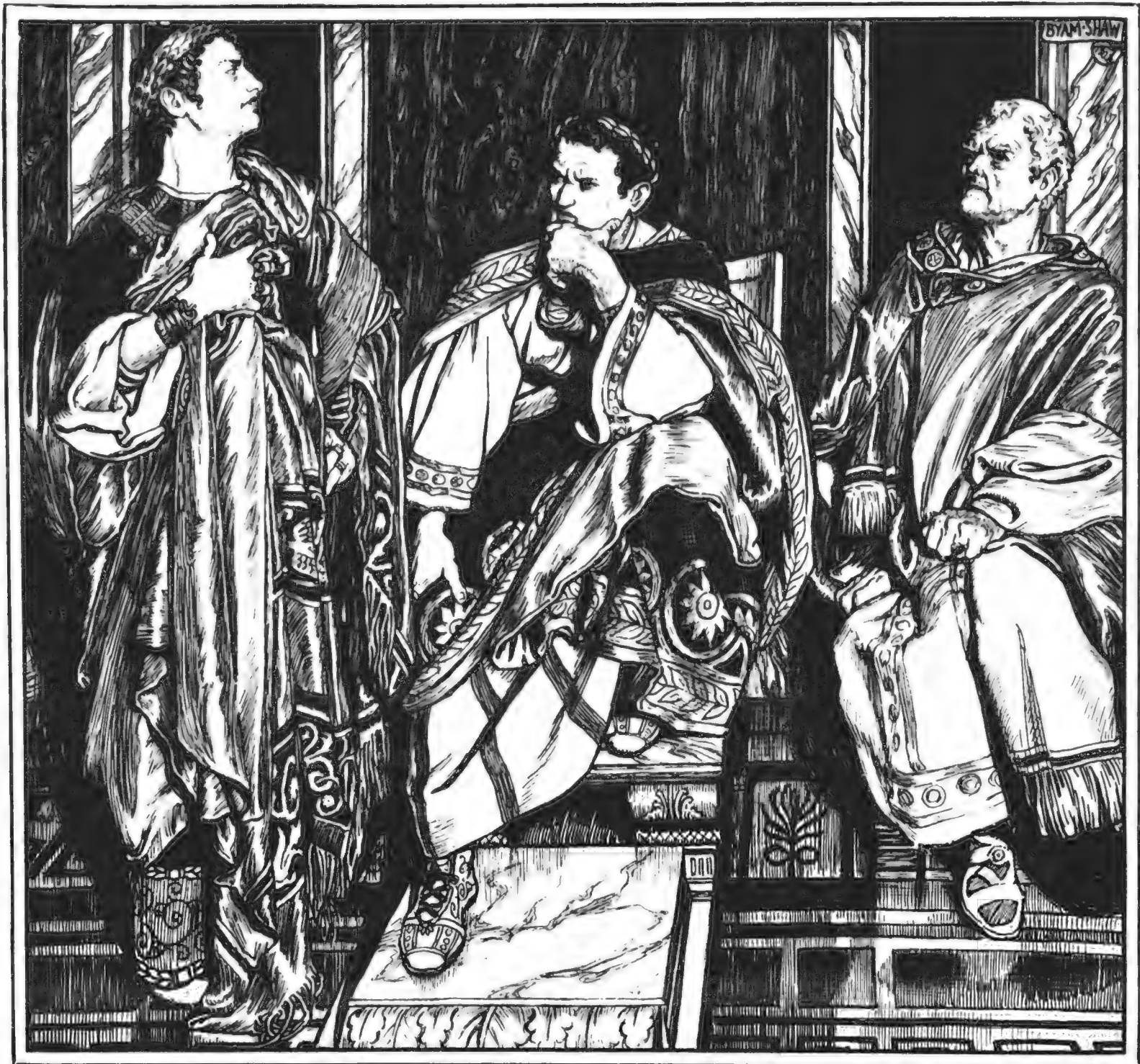
THE LORD MAYOR'S HOMAGE TO THE KING AT TEMPLE BAR



The Sheriffs, Mr. Brooke-Hitching and Mr. Truscott, after the ceremony at Temple Bar, took their place with the Aldermen and Common Councillors, between the mounted Headquarter Staff and the Royal Carriages, and rode thus through the City.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILDHALL: THE SHERIFFS IN THE PROCESSION PASSING LUDGATE CIRCUS

DRAWN BY P. R. HICKING



"O Caesar, Titus here declared that all he has is mine. Yet when I ask him for the gift of one captive girl he refuses me. Command, I pray you, that he should keep his word"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CÆSARS AND PRINCE DOMITIAN

WHEN the Captain Gallus reached the outskirts of Rome he halted, for he did not desire that Miriam should be led through the streets in the daytime and thus cause questions to be asked concerning her. Also he sent on a messenger bidding the man find out his wife Julia, if she were still alive, since of this Gallus, who had not seen her for several years, could tell nothing, and inform her that he would be with her shortly, bringing with him a maiden who had been placed in his charge by Titus. Before nightfall the messenger returned, and with him Julia herself, a woman past middle age, but, although grey-haired, still handsome and stately.

Miriam saw their meeting, which was a touching sight, since this childless couple, who had been married for almost thirty years, had now been separated for a long time. Moreover, a rumour had reached Julia that her husband was not only wounded, but dead, wherefore her joy and thankfulness at his coming were even greater than they would otherwise have been. One thing, however, Miriam noted, that whereas her friend and benefactor, Gallus, held up his hands and thanked the gods that he found his wife living and well, Julia on her part said:

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"Aye, I thank God," touching her breast with her fingers as she spoke the words.

Presently the matron seemed to notice her, and, looking at her with a doubtful eye, asked:

"How comes it, husband, that you are in charge of this captive Jewess, if Jewess she be, who is so fair?"

"By the orders of Titus Caesar, wife," he answered, "to whom she must be delivered on his arrival. She was condemned to perish on the Gate Nicanor as a traitress to the Jews and a Nazarene."

Julia started and looked at the girl over her shoulder.

"Are you of that faith, daughter?" she asked in a changed voice, crossing her hands upon her breast as though by chance.

"I am, mother," answered Miriam, repeating the sign.

"Well, well, husband," said Julia, "the maid's tale can wait. Whether she was a traitress to the Jews, or a follower of Christus, is not our affair. At least she is in your charge, and therefore welcome to me," and stepping to where Miriam stood with bowed head she kissed her on the forehead, saying aloud:

"I greet you, daughter, who are so sweet to see and in misfortune," adding beneath her breath, "in the Name you know."

Then Miriam was sure that she had fallen into the hands of a woman who was a Christian, and was thankful in her heart, for while the Cæsars sat upon the Roman throne the Christians of every clime, rank and race were one great family.

That evening, so soon as the darkness fell, they entered Rome by the Appian Gate. Here they separated, Gallus leading his soldiers to convey the treasure to the safe keeping of that officer who was appointed to receive it, and afterwards to the camp prepared for them, while Julia, with Miriam and an escort of two men only, departed to her own home, a small dwelling in a clean but narrow and crowded street that overhung the Tiber between the Pons Ælius and the Porta Flaminia. At the door of the house Julia dismissed the soldiers, saying:

"Go without fear, and take witness that I am bond for the safety of this captive."

So the men went gladly enough, for they desired to rest after the toils of their long journey, and the door of the house having been opened by a servant and locked again behind them, Julia led Miriam across a little court to a sitting-room that lay beyond. Hanging lamps of bronze burned in the room, and by their light Miriam saw that it was very clean and well, though not richly, furnished.

"This is my own house, daughter," she explained, "which my father left me, where I have dwelt during all these weary years that my husband has been absent in the wars of the East. It is a humble place, but you will find peace and safety in it, and I trust comfort. Poor child," she added in a gentle voice, "I who am also a Christian, though as yet of this my husband knows nothing, welcome you in the Name of our Lord."

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"In the Name of our Lord, I thank you," answered Miriam, "who am but a friendless slave."

"Such kind friends," said Julia, "and if you will suffer it I think I shall be one of them." Then at a sign from the elder woman they knelt down, and in silence each of them put up her prayer of thanksgiving, the wife because her husband had come back to her safe, the maiden because she had been led to a house ruled by a woman of her own faith.

After this they ate a plain meal, but well cooked and served. When it was done Julia conducted Miriam to the little whitewashed chamber which had been prepared for her. It was lighted from the court by a lattice set high in the wall, and, like all the house, very clean and sweet, with a floor of white marble.

"Once another maid slept here," said Julia, with a sigh, glancing at the white bed in the corner.

"Yes," said Miriam, "she was named Flavia, was she not, your only child? Nay, do not be astonished. I have heard so much of her that I seem to have known her well, who can be known no more—here."

"Did Gallus tell you?" asked Julia. "He used rarely to speak of her."

Miriam nodded. "Gallus told me. You see he was very good to me and we became friends. For all that he has done may Heaven bless him who, although he seems rough, has so kind a heart."

"Yes, may Heaven bless all of us, living and dead," answered Julia. Then she kissed Miriam and left her to her rest.

When Miriam came out of her bedchamber on the following morning, she found Gallus clad in his body armour, now new cleaned, though dented with many a blow, standing in the court and watching the water which squirted from a leaden pipe to fall into a little basin.

"Greeting, daughter," he said, looking up. "I trust that you have rested well beneath my roof who have sojourned so long in tents."

"Very well," she answered, adding, "If I might ask it, why do you wear your mail here in peaceful Rome?"

"Because I am summoned to have audience of Caesar, now within an hour."

"Is Titus come, then?" she asked hurriedly.

"Nay, nay, not Titus Caesar, but Vespasian Caesar, his father, to whom I must make report of all that was passing in Judaea when we left, of the treasure that I brought with me, and—of yourself."

"Oh! Gallus," said Miriam, "will he take me away from your charge?"

"I know not. I hope not. But who can say? It is as his fancy may move him. But if he listens to me I swear that you shall stay here for ever: be sure of that."

Then he went leaning on a spear shaft, for the wound in his leg had caused it to shrink so much that he could never hope to be sound again.

Three hours later he returned to find the two women waiting for him anxiously enough. Julia glanced at his face as he came through the door of the street wall into the vestibulum or courtyard where they were waiting.

"Have no fear," she said. "When Gallus looks so solemn he

brings good tidings, for if they are bad he smiles and makes light of them," and advancing she took him by the hand and led him just the porter's room into the atrium.

"What news, husband?" she asked when the door was shut behind them so that none might overhear their talk.

"Well," he answered, "first, my fighting days are over, since I am discharged from the army, the physicians declaring that my leg will never be well again. Wife, why do you not weep?"

"Because I rejoice," answered Julia calmly. "Thirty years of war and bloodshed are enough for any man. You have done your work. It is time that you should rest who have been spared so long, and at least I have saved while you were away, and there will be food to fill our mouths."

"Yes, yes, wife, and as it happens, more than you think, since Vespasian, being gracious and pleased with my report, has granted me half-pay for all my life, to say nothing of a gratuity and a share of the spoil, whatever that may bring. Still I grieve who can never hope to lift spear more."

"Grieve not, for thus I would have had it, Gallus. But what of this maid?"

"Well, I made my report about her, as I was bound to do, and at first Domitian, Caesar's son, being curious to see her, prompted Vespasian to order that she should be brought to the palace. Almost Caesar spoke the word, then a thought seemed to strike him and he was silent, whereon I said that she had been very sick and still needed care and nursing, and that if it was his will, my wife could tend her until such time as Titus Caesar, whose spoil she was, might arrive. Again Domitian interrupted, but Vespasian answered, 'The Jewish maid is not your slave, Domitian, or my slave. She is the slave of your brother Titus. Let her bide with this worthy officer until Titus comes, he being answerable in his person and his goods that she shall then be produced before him, she or proof of her death.' Then, waving his hand to show that the matter was done with, he went on to speak of other things, demanding details of the capture of the Temple and comparing my list of the vessels and other gear with that which was furnished by the treasurer, into whose charge I handed them yesterday. So, Maid Miriam, till Titus comes you are safe."

"Yes," answered Miriam with a sigh, "till Titus comes. But after that—what?"

"The gods alone know," he said impatiently. "Meanwhile, since my head is on it, I must ask your word of you that you will attempt no flight."

"I give it, Gallus," she answered smiling, "who would die rather than bring evil on you or yours. Also, whither should I fly?"

"I know not. But you Christians find many friends: the rats themselves have fewer hiding-places. Still, I trust you, and henceforth you are free till Titus comes."

"Aye," repeated Miriam "till Titus comes."

So for hard upon six months, till midsummer indeed, Miriam dwelt in the house of Gallus and his wife Julia. She was not happy, although to them she became as a daughter. Who could be happy even in the sunshine of a peaceful present, that walked her world between two such banks of shadow? Behind was the shadow of the

terrible past; in front, black and forbidding, rose the shadow of the future, which might be yet more terrible, the future when she would be the slave of some man unknown. Sometimes walking with Julia, humbly dressed and mingling with the crowd, her head-dress arranged to hide her face as much as might be, she saw the rich lords of Rome go by in chariots, on horseback, in litters, all sorts and conditions of them, fat, proud men with bold eyes; hard-faced statesmen or lawyers; war-worn, cruel-looking captains; dissolute youths with foppish dress and perfumed hair, and, shuddering, wondered whether she was appointed to any one of these. Or was it, perhaps, to that rich and greasy tradesman, or to that low born freedman with a cunning leer? She knew not. God alone knew, and in Him must be her trust.

Once as Miriam was walking thus, gorgeously clad, slaves armed with rods of office appeared, bursting a way through the crowded streets to an accompaniment of oaths and blows. After these came lictors bearing the fasces on their shoulders; then a splendid chariot drawn by white horses, and driven by a curled and scented charioteer. In it, that he might be the better seen, stood a young man, tall, ruddy-faced and clad in royal attire, who looked downward as though from bashfulness, but all the while scanned the crowd out of the corners of his dim blue eyes shaded by lids devoid of lashes. For a moment Miriam felt those eyes rest upon her, and knew that she was the subject of some jest which their owner addressed to the exquisite charioteer, causing him to laugh. Then a horror of that man took hold of her, and when he had gone by bowing in answer to the shouts of the people, who, as it seemed to her, cheered from fear and not with joy, she asked Julia who he might be.

"Who but Domitian," she answered, "the son of one Caesar and the brother of another, who hates both and would like to wear their crown. He is an evil man, and if he should chance to cross your path beware of him, Miriam."

Miriam shuddered and said:

"As well, mother, might you bid the mouse that is caught abroad to beware of the cat it meets at night."

"Some mice find holes that cats cannot pass," answered Julia with meaning as they turned their faces homeward.

During all this time, although Gallus made diligent inquiry among the soldiers who arrived from Judaea, Miriam could hear nothing of Marcus, so that at last she came to believe that he must be dead, and with him the beloved and faithful Nehushta, and to hope that if this were so she also might be taken. Still amongst all this trouble she had one great comfort. Under the mild rule of Vespasian, although their meeting-places were known, the Christians had peace for a while. Therefore, in company with Julia and many others of the brotherhood, she was able to visit the catacombs on the Appian Way by night, and there in those dismal, endless tombs to offer prayer and receive the ministrations of the Church. The great Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul had suffered martyrdom indeed, but they had left many teachers behind them, and the chief of these soon grew to know and love the poor Jewish captive who was doomed to slavery. Therefore here also she found friends and consolation of spirit.

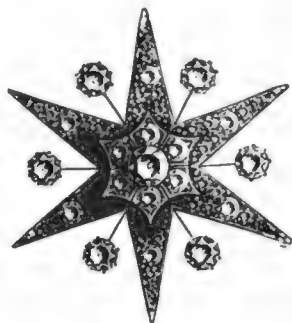
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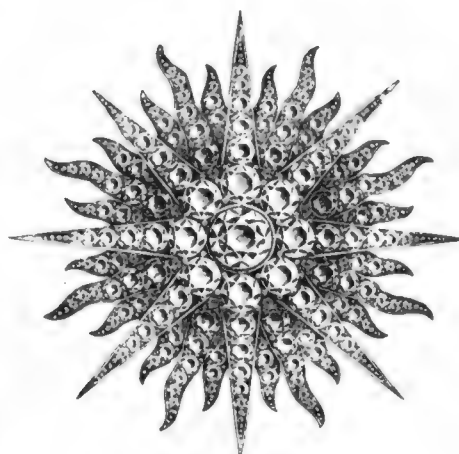
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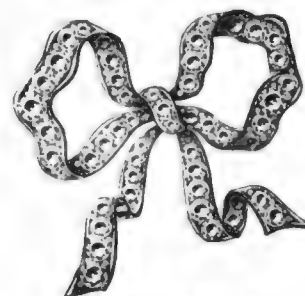


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In the morning Gallus came to learn that his wife was also of the Faith, and for a while this knowledge seemed to cast him down. In the end, however, he shrugged his shoulders and said that she was certainly of an image to judge for herself and that he trusted no harm might come of it. Indeed, when the principles of the Christian hope were explained to him he listened to them eagerly enough who had lost his only child and until now had never heard this strange story of resurrection and eternal life. Still, although he listened, and even from time to time was present when the brethren prayed, he would not be surprised, who said that he was too sunk in years to throw incense on a new altar.

At length Titus came, the Senate, which long before his arrival had decreed to him a Triumph, meeting him outside the walls, and there, after some ancient formalities communicating to him their decision. Moreover, it was arranged that Vespasian, his father, should share in this Triumph, because of the great deeds that he had done in Egypt, so that it was said everywhere that this would be the most splendid ceremony which Rome had ever seen. After his Titus passed to his palace and there lived privately for several weeks, resting while the preparations for the great event went forward.

One morning early Gallus was summoned to the palace, whence he returned rubbing his hands and trying to look pleased, with him, as Julia had said, a sure sign of evil tidings.

"What is it, husband?" she asked.

"Oh! nothing, nothing," he answered, "except that our Pearl-Maiden here must accompany me after the mid-day meal into the

august presences of Vespasian and Titus. The Casars wish to see her, that they may decide where she is to walk in the procession. If she is held to be beautiful enough, they will grant to her a place of honour, by herself. Do you hear that, wife—by herself, not far in front of the very Christ of Titus? As for the dress that she will wear," he went on nervously, since neither of his auditors seemed delighted with this news, "it is to be splendid, quite splendid, all of the purest white silk, with little discs of silver sewn about it, and a presentation of the Gate Nicenore worked in gold thread upon the breast of the robe."

At this tidings Miriam broke down and began to weep.

"Dry your tears, girl," he said roughly, although the thickness of his voice suggested that water and his own eyes were not far apart. "What must be, must be, and now is the time for that God you worship to show you some mark of favour. Surely, He should do so, seeing how long and how often you pray to Him in burrows that a jackal would turn from."

"I think He will," answered Miriam ceasing her sobs with a bold up lifting of her soul towards the light of perfect faith.

"I am sure He will," added Julia, gently stroking Miriam's dark and curling hair.

"Then," broke in Gallus, driving the point to its logical conclusion, "what have you to fear? A long, hot walk through the shouting populace, who will do no harm to one so lovely, and after that, whatever good fate your God may choose for you. Come, let us eat, that you may look your best when you appear before the Casars."

"I would rather look my worst," said Miriam, bethinking her of Domitian and his bleared eyes. Still, to please Gallus she tried to eat, and afterwards, accompanied by him and by Julia, was carried in a closed litter to the palace.

Too soon she was there, arriving a little before them, and was helped from the litter by slaves wearing the Imperial livery. Now she found herself alone in a great marble court filled with officers, and nobles awaiting audience.

"That is the Pearl-Maiden," said one of them, whereon they all crowded round her, criticising her aloud in their idle curiosity.

"Too short," said one. "Too thin," said another. "Too small in the foot for her ankle," said a third. "Fools," broke in a fourth, a young man with a fine figure and dark rings round his eyes, "what is the use of trying to cheapen this piece of goods thus in the eyes of the experienced? I say that this Pearl-Maiden is as perfect as those pearls about her own neck; on a small scale, perhaps, but quite perfect, and you will admit that I ought to know."

"Lucius says that she is perfect," remarked one of them in a tone of acquiescence, as though that verdict settled the matter.

"Yes," went on the critical Lucius. "Now, to take one thing only, a point so often overlooked. Observe how fresh and firm her flesh is. When I press it thus," and he suited the action to the word, "as I thought, my finger leaves scarcely any mark."

"But my arm does," said a gruff voice beside him, and next moment this scented judge of human beings received the point of the elbow of Gallus between the eyes just where the nose is set into the forehead. With such force and skill was the blow directed that



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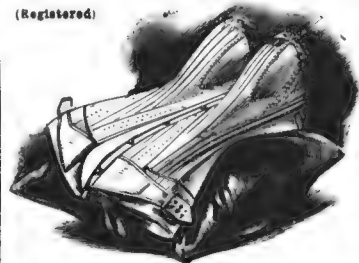
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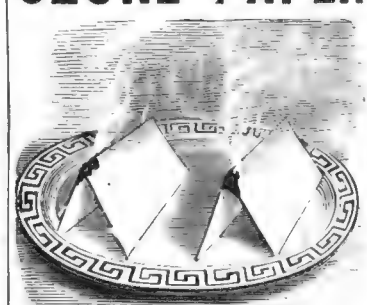
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The washerwoman
of yore,



next instant the critic was sprawling on his back upon the pavement, the blood gushing from his nostrils. Now most of them laughed, but some murmured, while Gallus said:

"Way there, friends, way there! I am charged to deliver this lady to the Cæsars and to certify that while she was in my care no man has so much as laid a finger on her. Way there, I pray you! and as for that whimpering puppy on his back, if he wishes it, he knows where to find Gallus. My sword will mark him worse than my elbow, if he wants blood-letting, that I swear."

Now with jests and excuses they fell back one and all. There were few of them who did not know that, lame as he might be now, old Gallus was still the fiercest and most dreaded swordsman of his legion. Indeed he was commonly reported to have slain eighteen men in single combat, and when young even to have faced the most celebrated gladiator of the day for sport, or to win a private bet, and given him life as he lay at his mercy.

So they passed on through long halls guarded by soldiers, till at length they came to a wide passage closed with splendid curtains where the officer on duty asked them their business. Gallus told him, and he vanished through the curtains, whence he returned presently beckoning them to advance. They followed him down a corridor set with busts of departed emperors and empresses, to find themselves in a round marble chamber, very cool and lighted from above. In this chamber sat and stood three men: Vespasian, whom they knew by his strong, quiet face and grizzled hair; Titus, his son, "the darling of mankind," thin, active, and æsthetic-looking, with eyes that were not unkindly, a sarcastic smile playing about the corners of his mouth; and Domitian, his brother, who has

already been described, a man taller than either of them by half a head, and more gorgeously attired. In front of the august three was a master of ceremonies clad in a dark-coloured robe, who was showing them drawings of various sections of the triumphal procession, and taking their orders as to such alterations as they wished.

Also there were present, a treasurer, some officers and two or three of the intimate friends of Titus.

Vespasian looked up.

"Greeting, worthy Gallus," he said in the friendly, open voice of one who has spent his life in camps, "and to your wife Julia, greeting also. So that is the Pearl-Maiden of whom we have heard so much talk. Well, I do not pretend to be a judge of beauty, still I say that this Jewish captive does not belie her name. Titus, do you recognise her?"

"In truth, no, father. When last I saw her she was a sooty, withered little thing whom Gallus yonder carried in his great arms, as a child might carry a large doll that he had rescued from the fire. Yes, I agree that she is beautiful and worthy of a very good place in the procession. Also she should fetch a large price afterwards, for that necklace of pearls goes with her—make a note of this, Scribe—and the reversion to considerable property in Tyre and elsewhere. This, by special favour, she will be allowed to inherit from her grandfather, the old rabbi, Benoni, one of the Sanhedrim, who perished in the burning of the Temple."

"How can a slave inherit property, son?" asked Vespasian, raising his eyebrows.

"I don't know," answered Titus with a laugh. "Perhaps

Domitian can tell you. He says that he has studied law. But so I have decreed."

"A slave," interrupted Domitian wisely, "has no rights and can hold no property, but the Cæsar of the East"—here he sneered—"can declare that certain lands and goods will pass to the highest bidder with the person of the slave, and this, Vespasian Cæsar, my father, is what I understand Titus Cæsar, my brother, has thought it good to do in the present instance."

"Yes," said Titus in a quiet voice, though his face flushed, "that, Domitian, is what I have thought it good to do. In such a matter is not my will enough?"

"Conqueror of the East," replied Domitian, "Thrower-down of the mountain stronghold called Jerusalem, to which the towers of Ithum were as nothing, and Exterminator of a large number of misguided fanatics, in what matter is not your will enough? Yet a boon, O Cæsar. As you are great be generous," and with a mocking gesture he bowed the knee to Titus.

"What boon do you seek of me, brother, who know that all I have is, or," he added slowly, "will be—yours?"

"One that is already granted by your precious words, Titus. Of all you have, which is much, I seek only this Pearl-Maiden, who has taken my fancy. The girl only, not her property in Tyre, wherever that may be, which you can keep for yourself."

Vespasian looked up, but before he could speak Titus answered quickly:

"I said, Domitian, 'all I have.' This maid I have not, therefore the words do not apply. I have decreed that the proceeds of the sale of these captives is to be divided equally between the

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wounded soldiers and the poor of Rome. Therefore she is their property, not mine. I will not rob them."

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"If you wish for the maid," went on Titus, taking no heed of the insult, "the markets are open—buy her. It is my last word."

Suddenly Domitian grew angry, the false modesty left his face, his tall form straightened itself, and he stared round with his clear, evil-looking eyes.

"I appeal," he shouted, "I appeal from Caesar the Small to Caesar the Great, from the murderer of a brave barbarian tribe to the conqueror of the world. O Caesar, Titus here declared that all his losses mine. Yet when I ask him for the gift of one captive girl he refuses me. Command, I pray you, that he should keep his word."

Now the officers and the secretaries looked up, for of a sudden this matter had become very important. For long the quarrel between Titus and his jealous brother had smouldered, now over the petty question of a captive it had broken into flame.

The face of Titus grew hard and stern as that of some statue of the offended Jove.

"Command, I pray you, father," he said, "that my brother should cease to offer insult to me. Command also that he should cease to question my will and my authority in matters great or small

that are within my rule. Since you are appealed to as Caesar, as Caesar judge, not of this thing only, but of all, for there is much between him and me that needs to be made plain."

Vespasian looked round him uneasily, but seeing no escape and that beneath this quarrel lay issues which were deep and wide, he spoke out in his brave, simple-minded fashion.

"Sons," he said, "seeing that there are but two of you who together, or one after the other, must inherit the world, it is an evil-omened thing that you should quarrel thus, since on the chances of your enmity may hang your own fates and the fates of peoples. Be reconciled, I pray you. Is there not enough for both? As for the matter in hand—this is my judgment. With all the spoils of Judea this fair maid is the property of Titus. Titus, whose boast it is that he does not go back upon his word, has decreed that she shall be sold and her price divided between the sick soldiers and the poor. Therefore she is no longer his to give away, even to his brother. With Titus I say—if you desire the girl, Domitian, bid your agent buy her in the market."

"Aye, I will buy her," snarled Domitian, "but this I swear, that soon or late Titus shall pay the price and one that he will be loth to give." Then, followed by his secretary and an officer, he turned and left the audience hall.

"What does he mean?" asked Vespasian looking after him with anxious eyes.

"He means that——" and Titus checked himself. "Well, time

and my destiny will show the world what he means. So be it. As for you, Pearl-Maiden, who, though you know it not, have cost Caesar so dear, well, you are fatter than I thought, and shall have the best of places in the pageant. Yet, for your sake, I pray that one may be found who, when you come to the market-place, may outbid Domitian," and he waved his hand to show that the audience was at an end.

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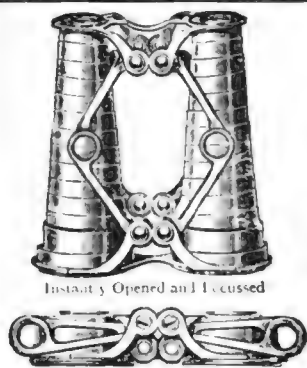
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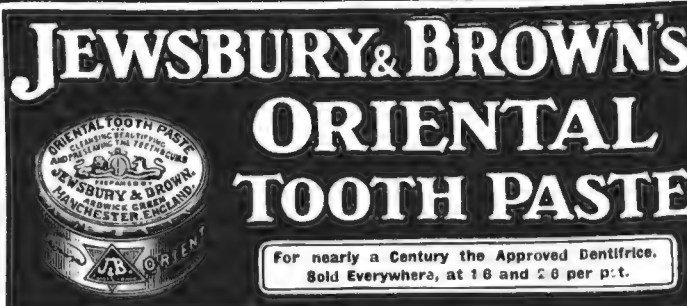
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many and strange fortunes rose from being an Austrian captain of horse to be President of the young Colony of Virginia. The touching and dramatic story of the young Indian Pocahontas, daughter of the Emperor Powhatan, fills many pages of Mr. Robert's narrative. She saved the life of Captain Smith from the machinations of her treacherous old father, and eventually espousing the cause of the English, she became a Christian and married an Englishman, John Rolfe. He afterwards took his wife and little son to England, where Pocahontas, or the Lady Rebecca, as she was called, became the fashion. A curious old portrait of her, the first of the period, is republished from an engraving in the British Museum. Poor Pocahontas did not live to return to her own country. She died of consumption, brought on by the fogs of the London winter, and is buried at Gravesend.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA

From Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls we have received the second volume of this monumental work devoted to the life and history of the Jewish people. It is only necessary to say that this volume is of equally high standard as the first. The illustrations are good, and, needless to say, interesting. Beginning with the word "Apocrypha" it concludes with "Bashi." Its contributors include Professor Max Muller, Dr. Isidor Singer, Dr. Moise Schwad, Dr. Hartwig Hirschfeld, Francis L. Cohen, Baron David von Ginzberg, and other learned men of the same creed, of nearly all civilised nations.

"STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER"

Volumes III. and IV. in Mr. Leslie Stephen's second series of "Studies of a Biographer" (Duckworth and Co.) give us in convenient form a number of delightful essays, all more or less familiar, but all well worthy of renewed attention. The papers when originally written appeared in the *National Review*, the *Quarterly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Monthly Review*, and one and all have that thoughtful charm which distinguishes Mr. Stephen's writing, while the pleasure of reading work of this nature, which bears no evidence of hasty composition, is of a most restful and a joy. The several papers deal with "The Browning Letters," "John Donne," "John Ruskin," "William Godwin's Novels," "Walter Pater," "Thomas Henry Huxley," "James Anthony Froude," "In Praise of Walking," "Shakespeare as a Man," "Southey's Letters," "New Lights on Milton," "Emerson," "Anthony Trollope," "Robert Louis Stevenson," and "The Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature." One of the most charitable of critics, Mr. Leslie Stephen always reveals delicately his own point of view, but his strictures are so careful that they produce none of that sense of irritation which was aroused, for instance, by Mr. Henley's ill-judged paper on Stevenson. Take the essay here dealing with the same writer. There is no blindness in it to Stevenson's shortcomings. It is kindly critical, does full justice to a charming personality, and yet one feels that it is eminently fair in apportioning the subject his place in literature.

Again, read this from the paper on the Browning Letters. There is no shrieking about the impropriety of publishing them, but a very philosophic statement of the case. Every philosopher is a critic. It is a pity that every critic cannot be a philosopher.

Literature is, in all cases, a demoralising occupation. It is demoralising because success implies publicity. A poet has to turn himself inside out by the very conditions of his art, and suffers from the incessant stimulants applied to his self-consciousness. The temptation is inevitable, and of course the stronger the temptation, the more the right to satisfy a vulgar curiosity is more justly claimed.

Disparagingly about the Browning Letters, I think the other aspect of their own undeniable merits, they will not set a precedent, eminently likely to be abused. They may be justified as exceptional. The case is one of those in which the total result is so impressive, and edifying that the ordinary rule may be disregarded. Unfortunately, when a precedent is set, there is no way of limiting the application to be made of it. Everybody is apt to be exceptional in his own eyes and in the eyes of his nearest relative.

Again, what could be better than the chapter on Ruskin, which, while fully appreciative to the writer's great genius, puts on one side with kindly tolerance the hazy absurdities of his St. George's Company and similar pathetic schemes for making a new world without making new people. From the paper on Anthony Trollope, one is tempted to quote an interesting passage, not criticism, but because it reminds one of the trying life which the novelist led in his early days:—

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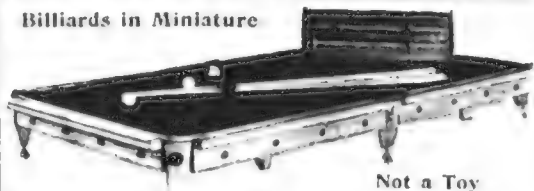
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Quoting this and much more from the famous "autobiography," Mr. Leslie Stephen, with a grim humour, says, with reference to the novelist's unhappy and unfortunate youth, "It seems to suggest the immoral inference that we need take no thought for our sons' education. The innate good qualities will come out, and the superficial stupidity is only a safeguard against over-sensibility." And here we will leave two very delightful volumes.

"FROM BEHIND THE ARKAS"

Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny enters the multitude of novelists with a story (T. Fisher Unwin: The First Novel Library) that revives a far-off scent of orange peel in connection with that classic melodrama, *The Miller and His Men*. Not only is one of its three principal villains an actual miller, but his mill is a model of ingenuity in the way of *oublottes*, trapdoors, and other artistic contrivances for the disposal of corpses without risk of detection. Into this death-trap is lured, by a wicked Abbe to whom her father's will has given a direct interest in her early death,

Mademoiselle Alaine Victorine de St. Cenis, whose perils, narrated by herself, must have supplied her with many a nightmare in after years. Fortunately she was an exceptionally quick-witted and resourceful young woman; and she had, besides, a happy knack of finding an arras, or something of the sort, convenient, whenever it was necessary for her to see or hear more than was intended by the Abbe and his men. The authoress knows how to excite and to fix attention; and if she will lay to heart that improbability of incident requires proportionate probability of groundwork and lucidity of motive, there is no reason why she should not take a satisfactory place among artists in sensational mystery.

"A HOLE AND CORNER MARRIAGE"

Miss Florence Warden has not been so successful as usual in the plot of "A Hole and Corner Marriage" (C. Arthur Pearson); and since, in her case, the plot is the novel, that is a serious matter. She has, unluckily, got hold of a villain who does not know his business—not even so much of it as to mystify the least experienced reader. Not even the simplest of knaves could expect anybody outside Earlwood to pay for the maintenance of an unfaithful wife whom he believed and wished to be dead on the bare assurance of her brother that she was alive—especially when his demand for ocular demonstration of her existence could not be refused without the most transparently frivolous excuses and procrastinations. That

the villain should further risk spoiling his own game, weak as it was, by the peculiarly atrocious murder of an inconvenient witness in a divorce case which could not possibly—by reason of the easily proved death of the respondent—ever come into court, was no doubt consistent with his general faculty.

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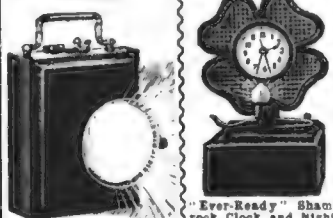
Why Mr. A. G. Hales should have troubled himself to re-write the story of Samson (Methuen and Co.) is far from clear. Possibly he thought the account given in the Book of Judges too condensed for up-to-date requirements; and it may be that he was right so far. At any rate he has expanded the three or four chapters of the original document into the regulation three hundred pages or so, mainly by a development of the passage "But Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend." We now learn that this friend's name was Jair, an apostate Hebrew, who was the ancestor of Judas Iscariot, and the inventor of the sign of the Three Golden Balls. Mr. Hales's picturesque pen has done its best with a great race between Jair, as the pursued, and Samson, as the avenger of blood, to the City of Refuge; and one is made to feel how much the heroes of old time lost by being born before the age of special correspondence dawned. Mr. Hales sticks to the Biblical narrative with commendable closeness, but he slips now and again, as when he, with his artist to back him, makes Delilah cut off Samson's locks with her own hands.

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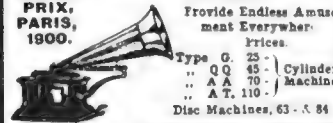


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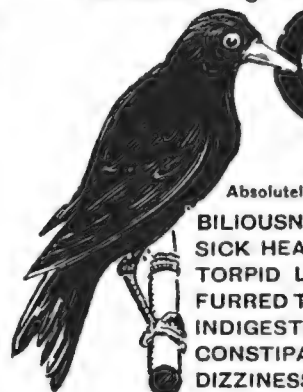
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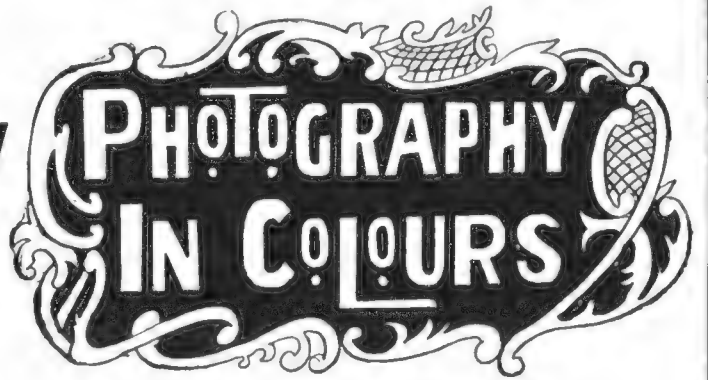
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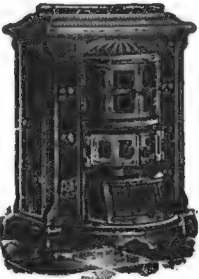
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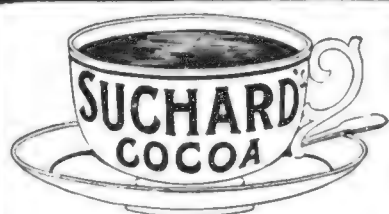
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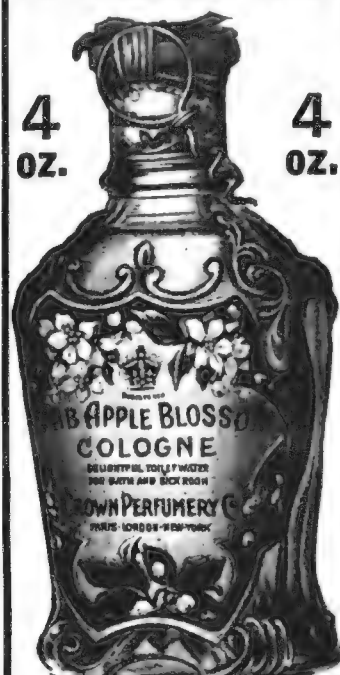
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Indigestion and Biliousness cured

TO be a sufferer for sixty years is an experience which happily does not come to everybody, yet this is what Mr. W. Sturgeon, of 12, Pollard Road, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N., has passed through. Thanks to Bile Beans for Biliousness he is now perfectly restored to health, and in the hope that his experience may benefit other sufferers, he told the following particulars to a London "Sun" reporter:—

"I am glad you've called to see me," he said to the Pressman: "mine is an interesting story. Bile Beans have done for me what all the medicines in the world were unable to do—at least that is how my wife and I speak of it, for I've tried nearly everything during the last 60 years."

"Sixty years is a long time to be taking medicine," queried the correspondent.

"Yes," replied Mr. Sturgeon, "and a long time to be a martyr to a wearying illness. I am now nearly 64 years of age, and I've been a sufferer from jaundice, biliousness, and all the terrible evils attending them since I was a child. As a child at school my life was a misery. I could not eat and enjoy what other children could, for I was always unable to digest food. I could not even play as other children played, for I was always being laid up with indigestion and exhaustion."

"When I became a young man, and entered into business, I was always handicapped in the race for success, the repeated illness making me constantly having to cease work. My parents tried everything that friends and doctors could recommend, but they could never give me relief."

"Since I became dependent on myself, my wife and I sought out everything that could be suggested, and wasted endless money on doctors and their prescriptions. I have also visited a number of hospitals, have taken all sorts of pills and concoctions warranted to cure indigestion, and to clear the bile out of my system, but all in vain. I never obtained any real ease, for if the pains became dull for a few days they never failed to return quickly with full force."

"Such a thing as enjoying a meal was impossible. For one thing I never had a wholesome appetite, and whatever food I took—I was of course forced to take something—was followed by indigestion and severe pains at the chest and round the heart, no matter how light the food. In fact, my life has been one long misery, and my wife's life a burden through my suffering. Now you see us

both here as jolly as two young people beginning life over again. We owe this to Bile Beans. Both my wife and I have often used the expression: 'Thank God we saw and read about Bile Beans.'

"As I grew older I found the attacks were becoming more frequent and more severe. I tell you that after every bite of food I took, I walked about in agony, hardly able to get my breath. My nervous system seemed shattered, sleep was impossible, excepting at intervals, when I dropped off from sheer exhaustion, soon to awaken. All through the night many a time I've had to turn out and walk about the lanes to try and induce sleep, and I suffered like this as long as three months at a stretch."

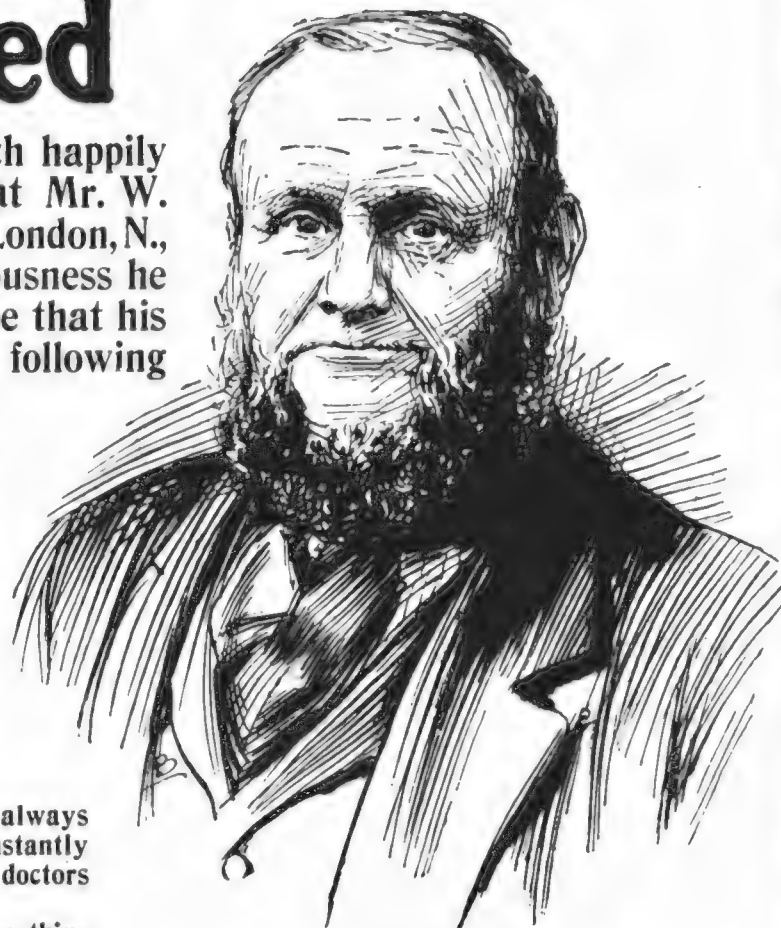
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"I kept on with the Bile Beans, and there was no return of biliousness and indigestion. I am now completely cured, and have never felt so strong and well in all my life. I sleep soundly at night, get up in the morning refreshed—a thing I never knew before—and it is a pleasure to go about my work. As I have said, we both feel like young people beginning life afresh."

"You are quite sure that only Bile Beans have cured you?"—"I am sure of it."

"And you are willing to tell the world?"—"Willing? I am anxious to let everybody know; and I hope that every poor creature that suffers from biliousness or indigestion will read what I say, and will take the Bile Beans. What's more, I'll never cease to recommend them. I tell everybody I can about them. If I'd known of them years ago I would have been saved years of suffering."

Mrs. Sturgeon was as enthusiastic as her husband about the wonders of Bile Beans.



MR. W. STURGEON.

(From a Photo by E. B. FINN, Hendon, N. W.)

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GRAPHIC. November 1, 1902.

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STRAND

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LONDON

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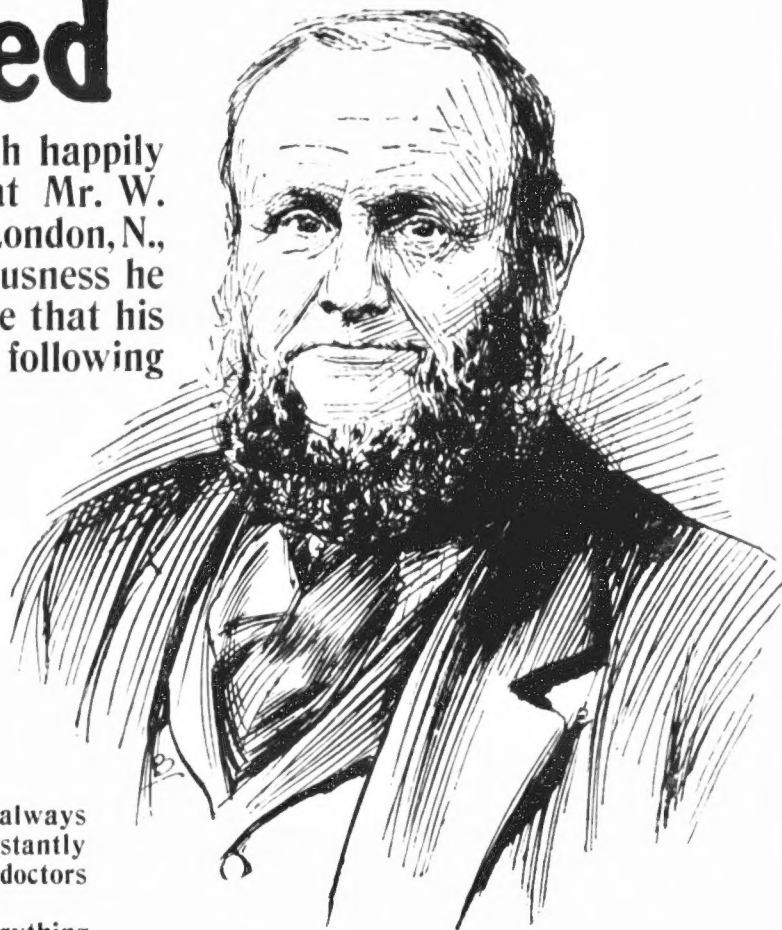
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FOR
BILIOUSNESS**

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are a certain cure for Headache, Influenza, Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver Chill, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Company, Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price 1/1 and 2/9 per box. Large box (contains three times quantity small size). Sold only in sealed boxes. Never loose.

Sample Box Free.

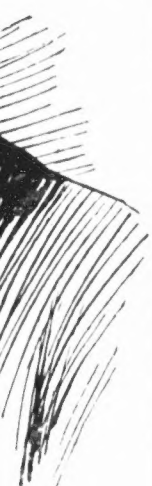
The Proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans that they will forward a Sample Box Free, and a Book on Liver and Digestive Ailments, if you send your name and address, and a penny stamp (to cover return postage), along with the accompanying coupon, to the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co.'s Central Distributing Depot, Greek Street, Leeds.

**FREE SAMPLE
COUPON.**

GRAPHIC. November 1, 1902.

Zam-Buk
OINTMENT

CHARLES FORDE'S GREAT HERBAL REMEDY, ZAM-BUK, for Running Sores, Hemorrhoids, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Eczema, &c., 1/1 per Box. Free Sample Box from the Proprietors, The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Greek St., Leeds, if 1d. stamp is sent to cover return postage.



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